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GLAMOR MAN

By . . .
ALEC RACKOWE

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31 JUL 1948

OF NEW SOUTH WALES



Vivian pulled Sam to his feet. "Let's swim, darling," she said.

shiny new Gladstone, whipped out a little black book, and wrote: "Tip, porter. Palm Beach, 1 dollar."

Sam threw the bag into a taxi and climbed in after it. "Villa Marina, Ocean Drive."

He settled back in the cab. His wine-red shirt with the deeper-toned tie, gold clipped and pinned, lay beautifully under the draped softness of the jacket. Sam lifted the pencil momentarily to rub at his dark red hair under the smart snap-brim hat. He wrote in the little black book: "Taxi, West Palm to Palm," and left a blank.

THE sun shone brightly on the spring-softened grey of West Palm Beach. It was a golden sun, bland and even complacent, as if it was aware that in New York snow flurries were whipping round the cubistic edifice of the "New York Daily Globe" with chill, unseasonable impartiality.

The only effect the shimmering flood had upon Sam Marsten was to make him blink. He set down the

But even Susie's voice couldn't echo in peace. Over it another voice sounded in Sam's abstraction: "And what is this item, eh?"

Sam closed the book with a snap of his fingers. If the Old Man thought it a good stunt to assign a star reporter to cover a story in Palm Beach, then the Globe could stand the expense and MacConnochie could go and bash his Scottish head.

The taxi turned left into Ocean Drive, then drew up before the ochre walls and wrought-iron gates of an estate.

Sam gave the driver a dollar. He set the bag down on the white steps of the two-storied villa and rang the bell. He wasn't thinking of Vivian Broker Vanderhuys. The ex-Mrs. Richard Vanderhuys was just a story. What concerned Sam was his own life and two of its bitterest crosses: Susie Carr and one Kevin MacConnochie.

Sam pushed the button again. The iron-barred oak door swung in-

ward. A manservant in a white jacket said, "Good morning, sir." He took up the bag, waited for Sam to enter.

Sam felt the coolness of the foyer, with its wall plaques and Spanish iron fixtures. The man said, "Miss Vivian is in the patio. One moment, sir."

He went away, carrying Sam's bag. Sam didn't mind. He hadn't any sense of possession where his new things were concerned. They were too alien. He'd just gone into a store and said, "I've got to go to Palm Beach. Fit me out and send the bill to the paper . . ."

He'd hardly got back from an assignment in Danbury when everything had landed on him at once. He'd filed his expense account and waited patiently for Susie to finish her morning in the advertising department.

He'd waited with a song in his heart. He was twenty-six and Susie was nineteen. Matrimony was staring him in the face and he loved it. No more beer with the boys in Colby's. A little apartment. Work and Susie and maybe a family.

Then Susie had come, small, bright, and rounded. She smiled at him. "Hello, Sam. I'm starved, aren't you?"

It had been different when Sam left her. Susie looked as if she were going to cry, and Sam didn't care about anything.

He'd put it to her, confidently: "Susie, you know I'm nuts about you. What about us getting married?"

That was when Susie let him have it, her eyes wide, her red lips tremulous. "Sam, I—I don't feel that way. I—"

It all came to the fact that she'd turned him down. Sam hadn't any use for that "friends" stuff. He'd told her. "My mistake. I thought I rated. A bad lead." He'd grinned at her, ignoring her distress, while his heart was angry and inflamed. "I'll leave the field clear after this. S'long, Susie."

Then he'd walked into the City Room, and MacConnochie, lean, bald, and pale-eyed, had collared him.

"What's on your mind?" Sam had asked. He wasn't in any mood for bickering over suspected half-dollars and untempered cents.

MacConnochie said coldly, "I have here a voucher signed by you for fifty dollars received from the cashier's office against expenses. According to your—er—expense account you spent forty-five. I'll take the difference."

And then, before Sam had quite recovered from that blow, the Old Man had sent for him and shoved this job at him. A job that belonged wholly to the social department . . .

The manservant appeared at a door down the long foyer. He came up the flagged, bright-rugged floor. "This way, if you please, sir!"

Color smote Sam as he walked into the patio. There was the odor of exotic flowers. A fountain tinkled under an ancient orange tree. From a wicker chair a girl got up. She was quite a girl. Not much older than Susie, but as dark as Susie was blonde. Her jet hair curled about her shoulders. The shoulders were in chartreuse, and the chartreuse ended where the red slacks began. Blue and red espadrilles on rosy bare feet. Restless dark eyes, white teeth, and red lips. A girl who looked at Sam with widening eyes.

"I'm Sam Marsten," Sam told her. He regarded her curiously. He'd never before seen a dozen millions that close.

Vivian Vanderhuys asked, "Did I invite you down? I must have, I feel awful silly, not remembering, but it's best to be frank, isn't it?"

"Nothing better," Sam said. "You didn't. My paper sent me. I'm a reporter. You're my assignment."

Her long lashes flickered as she looked at Sam and his smooth outfit. Then she smiled, eyes and lips working. "Me? How nice."

"Nicer than I thought it would be," Sam said. His bruised heart didn't feel quite so sore. After all, if a number like this could smile at him, he couldn't be such a dud as Susie had made him feel.

Vivian gestured to a chair. "Won't you tell me about it? You'll have something to drink?"

"I will," Sam said. "Beer in a tall, thin glass."

The man came with the beer. Sam took a draught. He put down the glass. "Our managing editor decided that since the society editor is back North, he'd send me down to do a story on you and your—er—love life."

Vivian lifted her slim-fingered hands; let them fall. "I'm very unhappy, Mr. Marsten."

Sam poured himself some more beer. "I know how it is."

"Do you?" She leaned forward. "It's strange, but the moment you came into the patio I knew you were a sympathetic person."

"I am," Sam said. The beet, the sunlight, the exotic brunette across from him all conspired to soften his hurt. "This love stuff—it tears you."

"Oh, it does," Vivian breathed. "I was so unhappy with Dick. He never understood me. That's why I've just divorced him. But the hurt—"

"Yes," Sam said, nodding. "The hurt."

The silence was very chummy. Finally Vivian stood up, slim and restlessly attractive.

Please turn to page 12

Juliana gets her Man

HAD Juliana only been dressed in a night-gown or pyjamas people would have thought she was sleep-walking. She drifted down the busy street in a semi-trance looking, to some folks, too other-worldly for words; and to others just a blonde with a hang-over.

How could they possibly know that she was merely harmonising herself with nature? Getting into the rhythm of the universe—sending out beautiful emanations; in short, putting into practice the precepts of that amazing booklet "Success For All."

"Banish all ignoble thoughts; breathe deeply, slowly, evenly; dwell only on beauty and loveliness—and whatever you wish to do you shall be capable of doing. Have perfect and complete faith in your own powers and whatever you wish to possess shall be surely and inevitably drawn toward you."

"Whatever you wish to possess shall be surely and inevitably drawn toward you," Juliana was trying it out.

"Beautiful flowers," her thoughts went, "beautiful sun, lovely sky, lovely sun," she drooled to herself. "Beautiful sun, lovely sky—gosh! this is monotonous; I wish I had more imagination." Though a very nice-minded girl as a rule, her perverse mind now kept on thinking of limericks and doing all it could to drag her thoughts down from the flowery and lovely plane on which she was working so hard to keep them.

"Sweet wind, lovely sky—there was a young lady of— Oh, what a beautiful world," she thought frantically.

Juliana had only just read "Success For All," and this very day she intended to try it out and get herself a man. Not that she needed to get herself a man—men were knockovers for Juliana—but she wanted to try out her new philosophy, and her mind just naturally worked that way. Of course, the book had expressly

stated that the desired objective must be worthy, but most people's ideas of worthiness differ and, anyway, Juliana had skimmed over that bit.

Into a cafe she sailed, full of her beautiful thoughts, and sat down at an empty table for two. Being quite lovely and every inch a woman—only more so—every man in the place just naturally had a moment's quiet enjoyment before his eyes returned to his own woman, or food, or both.

But that sort of unsolicited admiration was no good. For the first and last time in her life she faintly regretted her good looks. No. It had to be somebody quite disinterested—attracted to her by her will-power alone, and quite unimpressed by her more obvious attractions. And across the room was the very man. Studious, slightly round shoulders, horn-rimmed glasses, and immersed in a book; not at all a potential picker-upper of Julianas.

She concentrated on his bent head. She concentrated and concentrated, and only once did he move; that was to turn a page and settle more comfortably in his chair.

"O lovely sunshine, beautiful hills, lovely rain," thought Juliana. "Lovely lilies and hyacinths—look up, confound you!" But nothing happened.

And then she remembered some more of the book: "Above all, do not concentrate too hard. That shows lack of faith in yourself; just be quietly but perfectly sure you will get what you want, and then serenely forget about it."

"Ha!" thought Juliana. "I am positive that young man will look up and, what's more, come over and speak to me of his own accord."

She did not look again for a full minute, but when she did the young man was staring straight at her. Juliana was quite excited, but nothing could have been colder or more dignified than the glance she gave him, for she was playing very straight with her system. No. She looked away and went on thinking:

By
**JESSICA
MAY**



"Lovely people, lovely sky, he shall do as I wish—" and the young man got up and walked straight over to Juliana!

He waved a cigarette in his hand. "I wonder—er—have you a match, please?"

"Yes," said Juliana, with terrific enthusiasm. "Just a moment—"

She dived into her bag and fumbled about. "Somewhere or other—"

She pulled out a handkerchief and some cigarettes and a couple of letters. "Somewhere—" Out came a mirror and some headache tablets. "Now isn't that peculiar—" She patted all her pockets like a man. No matches. "They must be here!" She dived into her purse again. Two more handkerchiefs.

"I hope you haven't a cold," said a very concerned voice.

She looked up at the young man, and as he had removed his glasses, right into the most exciting blue eyes she had ever seen in her life. But they were laughing at her.

All her philosophy forgotten in the humiliating fumble with her handbag and the shock of those unexpected dancing blue eyes, she said: "Sit down—I won't be a minute. They must be somewhere." She pulled out some change and some snapshots and, of all things, two corks. In embarrassment and fear of what might come next she reverted to just groping and judging by feel. "Isn't it the strangest thing?"

Meanwhile the young man sat down and offered her a cigarette. She absent-mindedly took it and he snapped open a lighter and lit it for her.

"Thank you," said Juliana. "I don't know where things get to in my bag."

She decided to make a clean sweep and pulled out an old watch strap and some tram tickets, and a comb and—yes—another handkerchief. The young man spoke again.

"I don't know where things get to in my bag," she said, looking up apologetically.



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Please turn to page 17

Land of the TORREONES

Final stirring instalment of
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MIKE had deployed his little army, placing them in two groups, one to the north and one to the south of the rocky narrows along which their opponents were approaching. Each man sheltered himself behind a rock and waited.

The Nazis—their numbers now reduced to ten—halted as they came to the narrows and talked excitedly. It was clear that they were confused and shaken. They were leaderless, and there was no one to give orders, so they stood and debated and hesitated.

Beyond the cluster of Nazis Mike Bronson could see the camp of the Skillman party. He could make out the tall form of Pete Skillman and the broader Thompson. They, too, stood in a group, silent and alert.

Something had happened. It might be something of which they could take advantage. To Mike they presented a second problem, for they were secondary antagonists.

He was relieved to see that two of the Nazis suddenly remembered their duty, detached themselves from the group, and hurried toward the camp to resume their posts as guards. So now there remained but eight, and the parties facing each other were almost equal in numbers. "You'll be safe inside the torreon," Mike told Kelsey.

"No," she answered. "Not alone in there."

"Then sit with your back against the rock," he ordered, but she did not obey.

Mike turned away from her, then raised his voice, speaking in his high-school German. "Surrender!" he called. "Captain von Steuben is a prisoner! Come out with your arms up and you will not be harmed!"

The only response was a scattered volley.

"Have to root 'em out," said Mr. Povah, who had crept from his position. "Let's you 'n' me scrooch down 'n' work around to the right."

"Right," said Mike; and then to Kelsey, "You sit still!"

"I'll behave," she said, and watched him as, dropping to his knees, he crawled after Povah's bent, wiry body as the old prospector flitted from rock to rock in what was, in miniature, an outflanking manoeuvre.

Once more Mike shouted to them. "We don't want to kill you!" he said, and his voice was urgent, almost pleading. "Drop your arms and come out! Before we get you one by one!"

Bullets answered his appeal. "Get Maxwell and one other," Mike directed. "We'll get between the Nazis and camp."

"Surround 'em," chuckled Povah. He vanished. The wait was not long before there were two shots from the enemy. Then Povah reappeared with Maxwell and one of the miners.

The four men, creeping at intervals, succeeded in reaching a spot in the rear of the enemy. In the light that soon would wane they could see two of the Germans, lying flat down facing the torreon.

"Shoot," ordered Mike, "but don't hit."

The four men fired. Bullets spanged off rocks, kicked up pebbles. "Drop your weapons!" shouted Mike. "You're in the middle! You haven't a chance! Hold your hands up! I tell you we won't harm you if you surrender!"

There was a pause. Then one man stood, hands held skyward, then another and another, until at length they were all outlined against the sky. Mike sighed. It was a weight off his mind. He, too, stood erect and walked toward the captives. Mr. Povah and Maxwell and the miner, ready for emergencies,

dogged him. The prisoners huddled together, round-eyed.

Mike motioned toward the tower, herding them before him while the other three men gathered up the fallen weapons. Short of the tower he halted them, sent Povah inside for ropes, and tied their hands behind them. After that he compelled them to walk inside, where he saw to it their feet were also secured.

Kelsey followed them inside the enclosure, watching every movement with a strange, strained expression.

Mike dropped on the stone bench not far from the tense figure of Von Steuben. Only then did he seem to become aware of Kelsey's presence.

"Well," he said, with an odd motion of washing his hands, "that seems to be that."

"It seems to be that," she said. Mike got up and walked to Von Steuben, to remove the gag from his jaws.

"Must have been unpleasant. Sorry to have to do it," he said.

The German officer rubbed his face muscles. His eyes glared. "I should have killed you," he said savagely.

"Why, no," Mike answered mildly. "If I hadn't upset your appetite, someone else would. You can't do what can't be done, you know. There really are no supermen. It's a bad mistake to make. It's only vanity."

Von Steuben eyed Mike wholly without comprehension.

Mike returned his gaze blandly. "Excuse me," he said. "I've another problem on my mind at the moment."

"Where are you going?" Kelsey asked.

"There's the Skillman party to think about," he said. "I'm going to their camp."

"What," asked Mr. Bobbs, "are you going to do about those men?"

"Perhaps," Mike said, "you had better come with me. There are a couple of Nazi guards to deal with also." He designated two of his men to accompany him, and they trooped down from the torreon to the camp.

The guards faced them, weapons ready.

"Put them down. Put them down," Mike said wearily. "You two are all there is left. The captain is a prisoner. Put down the guns."

It was not easy for the guards to grasp his faulty German, nor was it until he spoke imperatively, in the tone of one who has the power to enforce commands, that they seemed to understand. It was the

voice rather than the words. They were used to obeying anyone who asserted the right to give orders. They

threw down their guns and lifted their arms. Skillman took a step toward Mike. "Obliged," he said. "How did you pull it off?"

"Why," Mike said, "it seemed to be quite simple, once we got at it. . . . No. Stay where you are, please," he added as Skillman continued to advance.

"What?"

"The original purpose of the expedition still remains," Mike said. "We are not precisely friends. The deposit of molybdenite. The prime objective of this expedition. This—ah—interruption of German war prisoners was quite incidental. Quite. It was an unforeseen difficulty to be overcome. The obstacle has been removed. Otherwise the conditions remain unchanged. I can't have you making nuisances of yourselves until I get this job done."



She snatched off her glasses and Mike stood staring as her eyes were revealed at last.

"Try to stop us," Thompson said and advanced a step.

Mr. Povah dangled his gun significantly. "Stay gentle," he said.

"You see," Mike told Skillman, "there isn't any law in the vicinity. So I must protect our interests the best way I can. . . . Mr. Povah, I think two men to stand guard will be plenty."

"You're going to try to keep us prisoners?" demanded Skillman.

"Not try," Mike said.

"You'll get yourself into a bad mess," Skillman said. Mike shrugged. "That's a problem for Mr. Bobbs' lawyers, if it ever arises."

Thompson's face was grey with rage. "The lawyers never will get a chance to take care of you," he said.

"Did you see Thompson's eyes when he looked at me?" Mike asked dully.

"Thompson's eyes!" She lifted her hand and touched her spectacles as if any reference to eyes was not pleasant.

"There was murder in them," Mike said.

Kelsey touched his arm. "Are you afraid of him?" she asked.

"Why, yes," he answered. "I suppose I am." And then, "I have plans to make if we are to start in the morning."

"Start?" Kelsey echoed him.

"With Kelly to find the ore body."

"You're a single-minded person."

"I suppose I am," he said wearily. He walked away abruptly. In a minute he was giving orders for the guarding of the prisoners, for the sorting of supplies, for the packing of animals in the morning. He did not forget details.

His orders were not crisp and imperative, but always rather hesitant, in the form of requests diffidently made. But, for some reason, instant obedience followed.

Kelsey watched and listened. Her father smiled at her. "Don't understand him, do you?"

"No," Kelsey answered.

Mr. Bobbs chuckled. "Neither do I," he said. "Neither do I."

That evening inside the cocoon of her bedroll, Kelsey was warm, but so exhausted emotionally and physically that she could not sleep.

She could hear the slow movements of the two Cornish miners who were on guard over the Skillman party, and once in a while a low murmur of their voices as they met and passed each other. Her mind was alert, too alert. It was a run-

away motor without a governor. She could not concentrate.

Then, suddenly, the mechanism seemed to settle down, to fix itself upon Mike Bronson and the things Mike had done since they had left civilisation behind at Gallup. He was not coherent to her. He did not add up.

He was a scientist immersed to his ears in archaeology. He was diffident and self-effacing, and he was assertive and dominating. He fumbled and blundered clumsily, and acted with decision and expertness and unexpected efficiency. He was overcautious and then, of a sudden, reckless. He bored her to tears, and he fascinated her as no other man ever had done.

In short, she was thinking about him in a way no girl should think about a man who makes it apparent that he is not in the least degree sentimentally interested in her. As Mike had made it apparent only too frequently.

"Oh, bother him!" she said bitterly.

She sat up, pulling the blankets about her lovely shoulders, and clasped her hands about her no less lovely knees. Wide-eyed, she peered into the darkness.

Suddenly she heard violent movement, a silenced shout, the thud of a blow. Then running feet and a shot. Two more flashes of fire ripped through the darkness.

In an instant the camp was alive. She heard Mike Bronson's voice. Electric torches darted. The sounds and the dark figures converged upon the spot where the Skillman party was encamped. Kelsey leaped to her feet and followed.

Please turn to page 20

By C. BUDINGTON KELLAND

Mike was plaintive. "I've plenty of troubles without any personal feuds," he said. . . . "You're in charge here, Povah."

"Be I to use my judgment?" Mr. Povah asked.

"I think," said Mike, "that your judgment is to be relied upon."

He pointed to the two Nazis, who were marched before them up the hill to the torreon. Mike walked beside Mr. Bobbs and Kelsey. He trudged wearily. None of them spoke until they were close to the tower, and then Mike said, "It was not a nice day."

"It was a marvellous day," Kelsey said firmly.

"I am tired," Mike said. "Not my body. Tired inside. Even a very little war is a dreadful experience. I wish it were over."

"It is over," she said.

"Warm and pretty as my woolly lamb"



Yes, and Mummy's little darling shall now have colour wherever she goes in her sweet little "Nevashrink" Chubby Socks . . . colour to gladden her, colour to match her outerwear, colour to make her look even lovelier than the cuddlesome lambkin she is. Now you can choose for her socks of Wren Blue, Galah Red, Owl Fawn, Dove Grey, Rosella Green, Canary Yellow, or Swan White. And such warm socks, cosy with the softest of fine wool that ever guarded little feet and ankles against winter's chills.

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Wren Blue

Galah Red

Dove Grey

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ECS:JFP,46

LAST night Miss Parsons and I were on duty alone. "You take rooms seven to twelve," she ordered, "and I'll take the other half." I nodded, and went on preparing my tray of bed-time bottles.

"And you'll have Number Ten all to yourself to-night," she leered.

"Don't worry," I sniffed, "none of these patients who think they're a gift to women can do anything to my heart."

But I hesitated a long time before I opened his door. He was too good-looking. The nurses had been scrapping to answer his ring, and they were mad at me because the few times I'd answered, since he'd let his special go, I'd come out of his room with my face burning. . . they said. I always tried to act naturally, but they pried me with questions. "What did he say . . . what did he do?"

But, as a matter of fact, he never said much, or did much either. He didn't have to. He was that type. He was always pleasant, and had the friendliest grin I've ever seen. Of course he wanted my phone number and address—most men patients ask their nurses that—but I never lingered long enough to tell him.

I hesitated outside his room and tried to pull my face into an imitation of Miss Parsons' severity.

Number Ten greeted me with his friendly grin.

"What happened to horse-face?" he asked. Miss Parsons' face is rather horsey. I ignored that and popped the thermometer into his grin and reached for his pulse.

When I marked his chart, he asked, "How'm I doing?"

"Better than I expected."

I rolled him over to alcohol his back and he said, "I don't know your name."

"Call me nurse," I mumbled through the cork I was holding with my teeth.

"Okay, Angel, do I get a bed-time story with this super service?"

"Yes," I bantered. "Here it is. Leave that bell alone to-night."

I gave his back a sharp slap. He was quite a husky. Even after being in bed over two months on account of an accident, his muscles were still pretty firm.

When I turned him over he coaxed,

"Angel face, my hands are cold."

"I'll fix them." I tucked his hands under the bedclothes, and pinned the clothes to the bed with safety pins.

His grin challenged me. "My ears are cold. Do something about that."

I could feel the starch coming out of my dignity, but I couldn't help accepting the challenge. I fixed the ears by folding a towel and tying it around his head. That got him. He broke one of the safety pins loose, grabbed the towel, and fired it across the room. I chuckled to myself as I hustled from the room . . . just annoy them and they leave you alone.

So I was surprised when he rang for me a short while later. But all he wanted was some fresh water.

"Oh, my dear," she gasped, "what happened to you?"

That was easily taken care of, but when he handed me back the glass, I felt the pressure of his hand over mine.

"Please stay a while," he said, "it's lonely in here. And I might have hysterics."

"Go ahead," I shrugged. "Number Twelve has them often. I'd just as soon practise on you."

He looked anxious. "What do you do for them?"

"I put my arm around her and talk baby-talk."

"Oh boy!" he yelled, "Here I go."

"Do!" I said calmly, "because if you have them I'll douse you with a glass of water. That works even better." I turned to leave, pleased with myself for winning that innings.

"Wait a minute, Florence Nightmare," he called, "will you take a look at my mouth?"

I examined it closely. It was a nice mouth; strong, somewhat determined, and it smiled enticingly.

"It looks all right to me," I said.

"Good. I'm glad you like it."

I tried to look stern. Appeal to his better nature . . . that always got them. "Now, look, you've been here a long time. You're a good patient. Now you suddenly turn into a pest."

"I'm sorry. I don't mean to be a pest. But I'm going home to-morrow. Then how'm I going to see you?"

His face sobered. I was a little sorry for him. After all, being ill so long isn't fun; but he was trying hard to make it so. He'd never complained, or shouted, or yelled about his food.

"You're well now. You won't need me—us any more," I said gently.

Automatically I pulled the bedclothes around his shoulders and tucked them in. I patted his shoulder . . . was still patting when Miss Parsons burst into the room.

"Thought I'd find you here," she sported. "Better answer your bells."

The other patients kept me busy for a while. Number Twelve had her hysterics, and Number Eight had a nightmare. Then Number Eleven gave me some bad minutes with another heart spell . . . he's been a worry to me lately, poor old fellow; then Number Nine upset a glass of water.

THE PATIENT IN No. 10

By . . .

RUTH KENT

myself comfortable on the surgery table with a murder novel. The surgery is across from Number Eleven's door and I wanted to keep an eye on him. I was buried in the murder when Number Seven walked in his sleep, came into the surgery trailing a sheet, and nearly scared the life out of me.

I almost screamed, but I saved my reputation by leading him back to his room and bedding him down. Then I decided to peek in on Number Ten to see if he was asleep. Why not? He was paying for service. Just a quick peek . . . but it wasn't quick enough.

"Come on in, Angel-with-the-dirty-disposition," he called.

"Why aren't you asleep? What do you want?"

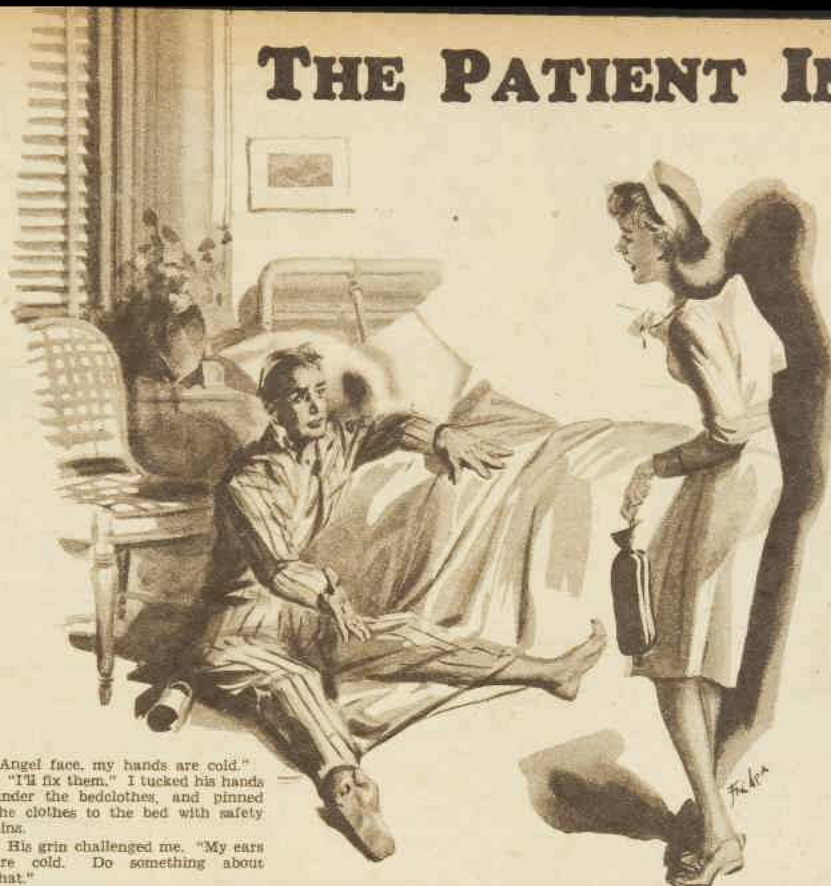
"It's very cold. Could I have a hot-water bottle?"

"Certainly not!" I turned on my rubber heel and went to the dispensary to make up some bandages. I continued, ignoring his light. Any patient is liable to be a little infatuated . . . but why must my heart pound so furiously?

Purple dawn streaked in at the windows. The day nurses would soon relieve us. If I continued to ignore Number Ten's light, I'd never see him again. Good thing, too, I mused. I'd forget him.

But how can you forget a man when you hear him groaning? The minute I heard that lusty noise I dropped the bandages and ran straight to Number Ten. I nearly died of thrombosis when I saw him lying in a heap on the floor.

Please turn to page 25



Become a successful, highly-paid PHOTOGRAPHIC MODEL, HOSTESS OR MOVIE STAR

THERE are many lovely girls in Australia today who could become successful highly-paid mannequins, models, popular hostesses, or movie actresses, if they only knew how.

To assist these girls in this marvellous profession Susanne has opened her Sydney Salon to teach, instruct, and cultivate in the arts of figure perfection, carriage, inspired styling, make-up, hair-do, clothes, voice and poise.

Models who qualify are offered definite positions in this glamorous world of the arts.

Susanne's personalised methods can make "a more lovely you" even though you may now feel you're an uninteresting type. That's what you want, isn't it? Then call, write or phone for a first appointment.

Special classes for young ladies just leaving school. The Susanne Home Success Course is now ready. This personalised course enables you to avail yourself of Susanne's advice, help, and guidance by correspondence. Write in now for details.

SUSANNE SCHOOL FOR MODELS

1st Floor, Dymock's Building, 424 George Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Telephone, M3896.



WILD WINTER WEATHER

is the worst

For varied forms of colds, coughs, and "common colds" are always near in every season of the year. In autumn, spring, and summer, too. Come mild, yet irksome, forms of "flu"; And all who know and understand, Keep Woods' Great Peppermint Cure on hand. Woods' Great Peppermint Cure, For Coughs and Colds, never fails.



"Fast? Why not!.. it never leaves dirt-catching scratches!"

Scratchy cleansers slow you down—because every tiny scratch holds dirt—and that means extra scrubbing. Bon Ami is different! It's smooth and fine, doesn't scratch, yet it removes grease like magic. Polishes, too—leave a shiny-satin finish you'll be proud of. And Bon Ami is a true friend to lovely hands. Save time safely—with speedy Bon Ami!

P. S. Bon Ami comes in both Cake and Powder form.

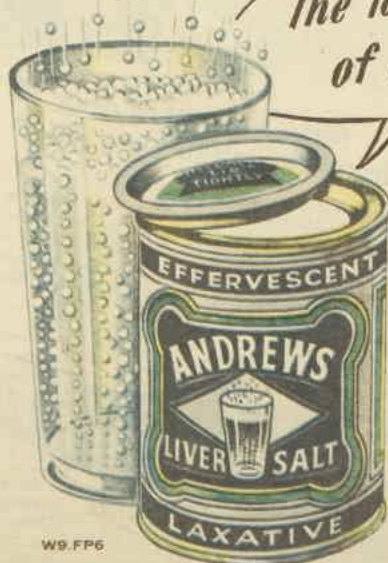




Inner Cleanliness
is important in winter too!

*The ideal form
of laxative!*

**1/9
& 3/-**



W9.FP6

AS invigorating as a brisk walk on a frosty night . . .
that's the effect of Andrews Liver Salt. But
Andrews does so much more to keep your system
functioning perfectly. First, it cleanses the stomach,
correcting acidity and indigestion. It tones up the liver,
and, to complete your *inner cleanliness*, gently clears the
bowels, thus correcting constipation naturally and
thoroughly. Andrews Liver Salt is the pleasant way
to deep-down *inner cleanliness*.

ANDREWS
LIVER SALT

When days are cold many prefer Andrews with the chill off.

Women like exaggerated fashions on screen



BLACK LINEN top with low-cut neckline and mirror buttons are fashion features of frock designed and worn by Dorothy Broomham.



TAILORED SUIT designed for Phyllis Calvert in "Men of Two Worlds" is of off-white whipcord. Beige, lime-green, and mustard-yellow blouses, with breast pockets to match jacket, are worn with suit. Miss Broomham designed all clothes shown on this page.



ELEPHANT'S BREATH brocade is used for this dinner-gown worn by Phyllis Calvert. It has a severely tailored jacket, and skirt is pleated at back to form train effect.



RADAR is the name given this gabardine water-proofed coat worn by Pamela Matthews in "Top Secret." Hood and cape are removable.

Australian designer talks of work for British film stars

The effect that frocks she designs will have on the personalities of women wearing them is of utmost importance to Miss Dorothy Broomham, home in Australia after achieving success designing for English films.

She was the first fashion designer to become attached to British studios, in the American tradition. Previously the studios used frocks from the big fashion houses.

IT is eight years since Miss Broomham left Australia, and she has designed frocks for many British film actresses, including Phyllis Calvert, Pamela Matthews, and Nova Pilbeam.

Miss Broomham has an intuitive feeling whether any new fashion

line or feature will have a good or bad effect on the morale of women wearers.

She predicted a short life for the sloping shoulder-line, which gave way so soon to the exaggerated, extended shoulder.

"I thought the sloped line made women feel droopy, as well as look droopy," she said.

"When I talk about the psychological effect of clothes, I mean for the ordinary wearer as well as for women on the screen.

"One thing I am absolutely mad on is the tiny waist. I have simply dragged in the waists of some of the film stars, even fitting their frocks with little corset waist-belts inside them.

"A tiny waist makes a woman feel she can face anything. It makes her more figure-conscious.

"You know, a lot of women were rather getting that block, straight-up-and-down look.

"In film dress-designing we aim at focusing the eye on yokes, skirts, or sleeves. Just where we place it is decided by the action in the script.

"In close-ups we accent the corsetage, in staircase scenes the skirt.

"Pamela Matthews had to play a scene in "Top Secret," when she is mostly seated at a table. She had to use her arms a good deal, so I designed a special double sleeve.

"The under-sleeve was long and light, mounted on net. The over-sleeve came to just below the elbow, ending with a cuffed bell-bottom.

"Whenever I have a fashion feature I want to advance I include it in a frock I am designing for Phyllis Calvert's personal appearances at premieres of her films," said Miss Broomham.

"Phyl and I are the greatest friends. She is sweet, not a bit spoilt. We first met seven years ago when she was playing in her first film, "Come On, George," with George Formby, and I was designing her costumes for it.

"Ever since I have designed all her modern frocks worn in films, and all her personal wardrobes.

"We had our first argument over a frock in "Men of Two Worlds," the film shot in Tanganyika, which had its premiere in Central Africa last week.

"My original design for a tropical dinner-gown was of white chiffon. Everybody liked it, including Phyl and director Thorold Dickinson.

"Then suddenly I turned it down myself. I thought it too garden-partyish.

"The picture is in technicolor, and the color experts felt the scene needed more warmth. Red was suggested for the gown. I rebelled.

"Then Phyl put forth the idea of pink. This I considered too fluffy for the part she was playing, a woman doctor, and finally I argued her out of it.

Tipped-back skirt

AT last after searching madly I found, tucked away in an exclusive little London material store, just what I wanted—a patterned brocade of white and gold plumes on a background of elephant's breath, a pinky-grey magnolia shade.

Miss Broomham evolved the tipped-back skirt for Pamela Matthews in "Top Secret." The star is very tall and rather conscious of her height. The tipped-back line gave her just what was needed to bring out all her grace.

"All my waists are designed to fall one and a half inches below the waistline; in fact, to hit right on the hipbone. In the tipped-back skirt it is two inches lower at the back," Miss Broomham said.

"When starting work on a film, first thing I do is to read the script, form my own impressions of the characters I have to dress, and then have exhaustive discussions with the director and producer.

"They say if they want a certain character's drabness brought out, or her sophistication, and here color plays a big part.

"Black goes for sophistication always, pinks and blues for fluffy types.

"I don't believe in just thinking of the part. The actress' own personality has to be considered, particularly in the question of color."

Miss Broomham left Australia in 1938 after studying design for two years at the Julian Ashton School of Art, Sydney.

She continued her studies in New York and Hollywood. First work she did in England was designing for a French company at the Folies Bergères, and she started work at the Baling Studios in 1939.

During the war the search for materials was endless, and Miss Broomham found lovely things in out-of-the-way little shops.

To get what she wanted for a two-piece bathing outfit for Pamela Matthews she used her own satin chintz curtains, with white background, huge poinsettia pattern.

"At first, directors in England were a little doubtful of my idea that film fashions must be extreme, that the women who make up 75 per cent. of cinema audiences want to look at things more lavish, more exaggerated than they would really wear," said Miss Broomham.

"The actresses, too, get a lift from feeling they are wearing something just a little different, a little more spectacular than normal frocks."

"Christmas Week-End," produced by Columbia-British, was one of the latest films Miss Broomham worked on before leaving England.

In it she designed frocks for Nova Pilbeam, Jeanne de Casalis, Glynis Johns, and Roslyn Boulter.

Beatrice Lillie, petite and dark, was playing the mother, illness prevented her finishing the film, and tall, fair Jeanne de Casalis replaced her.

"Jeanne has an entirely different personality, so I had to scrap all Bea Lillie's clothes, and design six complete changes for Jeanne, who wore one of her own dinner-gowns to help us out," said Miss Broomham.

"Altogether I designed 22 new costumes for the film in the week."

As she came through Hollywood on her way back to Australia, a newly formed company asked Miss Broomham if she would consider making a documentary film of her career as a dress-designer. She has not yet decided whether to accept the offer.



ACCENT ON SLEEVES, patterned with black sequin scrolls, was feature of frock designed three years ago for Phyllis Calvert in "Madonna of the Seven Moons." London designers have been featuring the sleeve accent this season.

GOOD-BYE TO STRING BAGS

RUMBLINGS of housewifely dissatisfaction about the home-delivery situation are swelling into a nation-wide campaign.

At a meeting in Adelaide, the Federal executive of the Federated Housewives of Australia decided to arrange public meetings in all the capital cities to demand—again—the return of home deliveries.

It is almost a year since the war ended and housewives first asked for relief from the heavy strain imposed on them by household shopping. It was the worst burden of wartime housekeeping.

During the war they waited in queues, made the tiring round from butcher, to fruiterer, to grocer, carried loads much too heavy for them. They bore it with patriotic philosophy.

It at times they felt inclined to revolt, they told themselves how lucky they were there was food to buy and reflected how much worse things were for the men at the front.

Now they have no such considerations to inspire them to uncompensated sacrifice. It cannot be argued that the withholding of delivery services means more food for Britain or more supplies for starving China.

To weary, angry housewives it means merely that the butcher and the greengrocer are making more profit and giving less service than they did in the past.

Tradesmen have had twelve months to solve the transport and labor problems which at first made the resumption of deliveries difficult.

That is long enough. It is high time the housewives raised their voices.

More must be done to save neurosis cases

Ex-servicemen's sufferings are tragedy for wives and mothers

By a staff reporter

Thousands of women in Australia are fighting to save their precious home life from breaking up.

They are the mothers and wives of ex-servicemen who are suffering from war neurosis. These women are panic-stricken because they feel the utmost is not being done to help their men back to normal living.

A SENSE of loneliness and helplessness creeps over them as their once-happy, peaceful homes are invaded by tense, bitter, heart-rending scenes.

They have done everything they can, but it is not enough.

The great need is for centres where these men can receive treatment at once without having to go to mental hospitals, and the United Council of Ex-Servicemen's Associations is trying to have such centres formed.

There are 67,000 ex-servicemen in Australia who have claimed pensions for neurosis, and been refused.

The histories of two neurosis cases show what is happening in thousands of instances.

A young law student went off with the A.I.P. to the Middle East. He was discharged medically unfit and resumed his law studies.

He felt well. Got through his examinations brilliantly. There was only one trouble. He found it more and more difficult to sleep.

The course completed, he managed to get an office at last, after sharing one for some months.

Clients started to arrive. Life looked rosy.

He married a charming girl. But now his sleeplessness is growing worse. He has started to have horror dreams.

From these he wakes with piercing, terrible screams, no blood-curdling that other tenants in the flats start from their sleep with their hearts pounding.

Sane, intelligent, delightful, and charming in daylight hours, at night this man has blackouts, even becomes violent, but when he recovers he can remember nothing.

A neighbor found him one day kneeling on his lounge-room floor, making a motion like breast-stroke swimming.

"Hey, old chap, coming out?" said the kindly visitor.

"Coming out? Yes. Yes. I'll be with you; but I must lay out these bodies first," came the answer.

Then the blackout passed and the victim had not the faintest recollection of anything he had said.

Anxiety and despair have reduced his wife's weight by two stone. She has had to have medical treatment herself. She is close to a nervous breakdown.

But she adores her husband. Is proud of him. Says fiercely she will not let him out of her sight. Knows quite well he is perfectly sane 90 per cent. of the time.

So who can expect her to have him sent to a mental asylum?

Why isn't there a proper centre where such a case can receive treatment without having to associate with lunatics?

A month ago a household of three

—father, mother, and 23-year-old son Jack—were living happy, normal lives.

Now a shadow has fallen. The mother, young-looking for her years, with attractive, greying hair, bright blue eyes, cannot even rouse herself to clean her house.

She walks in helpless despair, wondering what each day, and, worst of all, each night, will bring.

Her son had received shock treatment for a nervous disorder. He made a seemingly complete recovery. Was discharged medically fit.

For months he had gone about his job happily, enjoyed the company of his friends, watched football matches with interest, played tennis.

Then he began to find it hard to sleep. Got up and wandered round the house at night.

His concentration weakened. He could not even read a newspaper and had no wish to see his friends.

Now he sits staring blankly into space. Is difficult to rouse and is morose, depressed.

He dreads the night, but at last goes off to bed, only to awaken, unable to endure being alone any longer.

He spends the rest of the night with his father.

He cries for no reason. And so the whole household is distraught. The mother has sought aid. Repatriation officials were kind and considerate. They sent out a doctor, who said Jack needed treatment.

But the earliest appointment that could be made was not for two weeks.

They have even tried to get a private psychiatrist to see Jack, but there again there was no chance of an appointment for several weeks.

Not insane

THE mother said piteously: "Jack is not insane. We just can't put him in an asylum, a stigma he would carry with him for the rest of his life. But what can we do? We feel so helpless."

"All he needs is treatment and he needs it at once. If only there were somewhere we could send him; but not to an asylum."

And the entreaty in her voice, a mother pleading for the whole future of her son, is echoed in the hearts of all the women who are facing this problem.

Present facilities for neurosis cases are hopelessly inadequate, according to a leading Sydney psychiatrist. They are limited to special wards in State mental hospitals, outpatient clinics run by the Repatriation Department, and Social Service Department and Red Cross Homes, which cannot cope with even a fraction of the number requiring treatment.

Colonel Sinclair, who was C.O. of the 114th A.G.H. at Goulburn,

Huge pensions bill

LOOKING at the problem from its lowest level, the financial aspect, Australia could save money by establishing neurosis centres.

The total pensions bill for the two world wars is close on £20,000,000 a year.

Half the pensions bill from the first world war went to neurosis cases, so if even 25 per cent. of nerve cases were rehabilitated, the saving would be enormous.

where such splendid work was done for nerve cases, says:

"The Repatriation Department has no facilities for early treatment, supervision, hospitalisation, and social readjustment of neurosis cases."

One section of the ex-servicemen's organisations—the N.S.W. Division of the Air Force Association—is going ahead with a scheme to found a readjustment centre for airmen and has launched the R.A.A.F. Memorial Centre Appeal.

It hopes to put its scheme into practice by the end of this year.

If this centre is successful it may serve as a pattern for similar centres in other States.

The first step will be the establishment in Sydney of a "worry" clinic, where former airmen and ex-Wanaka who need treatment will go in the first instance.

Cost of this clinic is estimated at £250.

A psychologist will assess the applicants' general intelligence, aptitude, and capacity.

A social service worker will go to their homes and make thorough reports.

Results of these two investigations will go to a psychiatrist, who, after studying the complete history, intelligence, and background, will make a diagnosis of the applicant's condition and prescribe what is the best treatment.

For rehabilitation there will be a community centre within reasonable access of the city, in farming country such as Dural or St. Ives.

Trained tradesmen, plumbers, carpenters, bootmakers, who were themselves neurosis cases and therefore have the right understanding and sympathy, will instruct in the workshops, and there will be a poultry farm, piggery, vegetable garden, and orchard.

A splendid feature of the scheme is that there will be bungalows where families can stay, so that the question of worry over what is happening at home will be eliminated.

The centre will have a medical staff; but there will be no hospital atmosphere, no restraint.

If a man wants a beer, for instance, he will be at liberty to wander along to the nearest hotel. If he has too much there will be no reproaches; only sympathetic care.

The cost of establishing the centre is estimated at between £20,000 and £30,000.

When the treatment at the centre has done its work, and horror dreams, sleeplessness, and depression are things of the past, there will be a country holiday while the patient adjusts himself to the idea of getting along without medical help.

Interesting People



DEPUTY-COMMANDER W. RAWLINGS

... scholarly detective
SOLVING murder mysteries is no pleasant pastime, but solid work for Deputy-Commander W. Rawlings, new head of C.I.D., Scotland Yard. As well as achieving reputation for solving difficult murders during 25 years' police service, is noted student of psychology, philosophy, law, medicine, science, religion. Says psychology essential: "We deal with humans, so must know them and their frailties." He won M.C. in first World War.



MISS MARGARET POWER

... taxation research
COMPARISON of property tax methods in Australia, England, and the United States will be subject of research by attractive Margaret Power, Brisbane, when she goes to Wisconsin University, America. This will be half-time job, with 800 dollar salary. Rest of time she will study public finance under Prof. H. Groves. Studies start next month. Graduating as Bachelor of Commerce from Queensland University in 1942, she became research secretary there. Working now at Prices Branch Investigation office.



MR. R. S. HARRIS

... dogs' friend
HELPING ailing dogs back to health is hobby of Mr. R. S. Harris, electricity supply shift worker, Geelong, Vic. Has amateur surgery and kennels, with accommodation for 34 patients, and, with help of his son, Ray Harris, treats up to 28 dogs on a Sunday morning.

Kennels, which are chain wired and piped with electric light, are each 15 feet long and 16 feet wide. Sleeping quarters are six feet square. Mr. Harris made hobby of veterinary surgery and breeding of Russian borzoi dogs on his return after service with 1st A.I.F.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep

TRAFFIC MISTAKES COST LIVES, CAUSE INJURIES



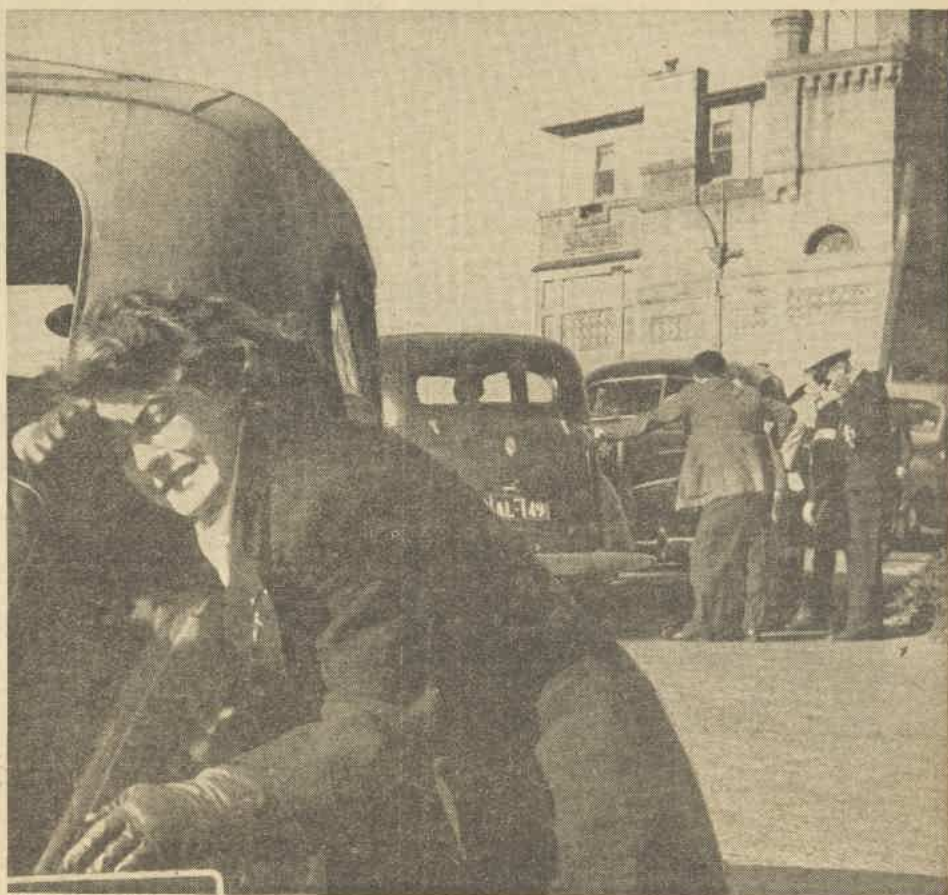
ATTENTION DISTRACTED from road while car in motion caused 188 accidents in 1945, killing 14 people, injuring 259. Drivers must concentrate.



PULLING OUT of traffic line without giving any signal leads to many minor accidents, and some major ones, and is fault of many city drivers.



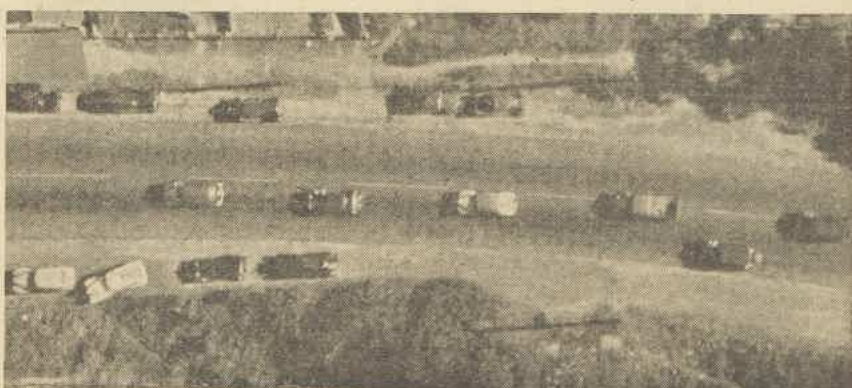
CARELESS SIGNALLING, such as this, which could mean either turning to right or stopping, leads to trouble. Women drivers are worst offenders.



LUCKY ESCAPE. This driver suffered only slight shock when cars collided through one man trying to pass in a blind spot; but such accidents would not occur if drivers observed true courtesy. Like other incidents on this page, blind-passing is stressed by the National Roads and Motorists Association of N.S.W., affiliated with similar organisations interstate, as major cause of accidents.



HIGHEST NUMBER of people injured in car accidents in N.S.W. in 1945 was through drivers refusing to give right-of-way at intersections. There were 7 killed, 322 injured.



CROWN HUGGING on highways forces other cars to try to pass by getting on to the wrong side, causing heavy loss of life.



CAR TO BLAME for this collision is the innocent-looking one standing against the kerb. Neither of the drivers in the cars concerned is to blame; but the owner of the kerbside car parked right out beyond the building alignment, forcing the driver of the car coming from side street right out into the traffic stream.



PEDESTRIANS passing carelessly in front of or behind vehicles caused 190 accidents, with 10 killed, 190 injured, in 1945.

VIVIAN rang the bell, and the manservant appeared. "Mr. Marsten is staying. Tell Mrs. Lake he'll have the Mexican room." Sam got up. Vivian held out her warm hand. "There'll be people over to swim at eleven. See you at the pool then, Mr. Marsten—or is it Sam?"

"Sam, definitely," Sam said. "Be seeing you, Vivian." He followed the man, and he thought, Okay. Take your pleasure, Sammy. Spend and play. It seemed a good idea for a chap with a broken heart.

It seemed an even better idea as Sam lay in a deep chair at the side of the pool in very brief trunks, and fondled a tall glass in the shade of the striped awnings. Several angelic women with jewelled bracelets and several aged gentlemen with pot tumblers played gin rummy and tumbled frosted drinks.

Vivian sat beside Sam. She wore a skimpy skirt and bra. Her body was golden-brown.

It was utterly unreal. Dreamlike. Sam said lazily, "Mine isn't much of a biography. A job on a small paper. A job on a bigger paper, and so on until I hit the 'Globe.' If I didn't have one of those perforated cardrums you hear about I'd be doing public relations for the Army or Navy. As it is . . ."

"As it is," cooed Vivian, "you're here with me, helping me over a bad spot. Getting divorced isn't much fun—the first time."

"If it's anything like a first broken heart it must be pretty bad," Sam said.

Vivian sighed and relaxed. She relaxed visibly and prettily. "I'll take you to the Streeters for dinner. Did you bring a dinner jacket?"

Sam grinned. "Tell me the best place to get one and I'll have them bring some over." If only Susie were down here now and could see Vivian Vanderhuys spreading herself to please him. It would be perfect.

Someone said, "Good morning, Vivian."

Sam looked up. A slim young fellow in an Army lieutenant's shirt and slacks stood before them. He had a nice face, nice brown eyes.

Vivian said, "Oh, hello, Dick." She turned to Sam. "This is Dick Vanderhuys. Sam Marsten."

Sam said, "How do you do?" uncertainly, and Dick said, "How do you do?"

He had nice manners. Sam wondered how he would feel if he came upon some fellow sitting with Susie the way he was sitting with Vivian.

Dick Vanderhuys said, "I'd like to see you to-night, Vivian."

Vivian said coolly, "Sam and I are going out."

"It's important," Dick pleaded. Vivian jumped up. She pulled Sam to his feet.

"Let's swim, darling," she said. She slipped her bare arm through Sam's. Over her shoulder she flung a quick "Sorry."

Sam felt the back of his neck bristle. He expected Dick Vanderhuys' hand to come over his shoulder and yank Vivian away from him.

But nothing happened. Vivian jumped, and Sam perforce went with her. When he came up, shaking the droplets from his eyes, Dick Vanderhuys was walking toward the house.

Sam felt much relieved, but puzzled. He knew that in Dick's place he wouldn't have taken it like that. But then, Dick was a gentleman all the way, Sam decided. He said so: "A nice man, that."

Vivian put one hand on the tiled edge of the pool. "He never understood me," she said, looking wistfully after her ex-husband. "A woman wants a man who understands her." She surveyed Sam with limpid eyes. "Sam, you understand me, don't you?"

"Not yet," Sam said. "After the third story I ought to."

A shop on County Road sent over three white dinner jackets. Sam chose the most expensive. The price made him feel better, just thinking of MacConnochie's face. Dinner at the Streeters' was at ten.

It was two when Sam filed his story.

The Old Man's wire came late the next morning. It said: "Good work. Stick at it for five more stories." Sam didn't mind.

The kaleidoscope of luxury dazzled him. It wasn't until the end of the week that it began to pall. It wasn't, Sam told himself, that he was tired of it. He just wanted something to do besides probe Vivian.

He liked her. Maybe because Vivian liked him. When Sam told her that he had to go North, she looked at him across the table set under the orange tree in the patio. "I'll go up, too. I'll go mad here alone. I'm used to you, Sam. It's all right?"

Sam thought, "Poor kid. Poor little rich kid." He wasn't in love with her, but he felt a deep sympathy. He said, "It's great," and Vivian smiled. "I'll get the plane bookings," she said.

It was raining when they got in to La Guardia Field. A cold, pre-spring rain. At the terminal Vivian said, "I'll be at the Towers. Meet me there later, Sam?"

"Foolish," Sam said. He watched her cab go and got into his own taxi.

There were whistles of admiration and disbelief when Sam came into the City Room in all his finery. Sam ignored them. He went into the managing editor's office, and the Old Man actually shook Sam's hand. "Fine stories. Fine."

Sam asked, "What's chances at the Washington office?"

The Old Man blinked. "I'll take it up with the publisher."

From a managing editor that was a lot. Sam went out to his desk and worked on the expense account. It was a very impressive sheet that he laid on MacConnochie's desk.

The auditor wasn't there. Sam couldn't help himself. He wanted a look at Susie. He took the service elevator up to Eleven and peered through the glass doors. Susie was at her desk, lovelier than ever. The sight of her tore Sam. He turned sadly and went away.

MacConnochie was at his desk when Sam got down. His eyes were glazed. He said with pregnant calm, "Sit down. What is this?"

"Expense account," Sam said.

MacCONNOCHIE opened his mouth. He looked at Sam—at the smooth suit, the super shirt, the tie and the gold pin. He got up, took off his coat, and rolled up his sleeves. "Now, this first item. What's that for?"

Two hours later MacConnochie wiped the sweat from his brow. He said slowly, "I suppose I'll have to pass this—this so-called expense account. All but this collection of items." His blue pencil made a big loop. "To be exact, the sum of four hundred and ninety-nine dollars and ninety-five cents. Practically a round five hundred dollars."

Sam bristled. "Why not? That's my clothes. You wouldn't expect me to go to Palm Beach in an overcoat and woollies."

MacConnochie said thinly, "Those clothes belong to the 'Globe.' You either pay for them or you turn them in."

Sam got up. He stood looking down bitterly at the bald pate. "You can't do this. I haven't got five hundred dollars to my name. I've worn these clothes, too."

"They become you," MacConnochie said. "I can have the five hundred, less five cents taken from your salary in weekly amounts."

Sam got red and his jaw got hard. He took off the double-breasted, chalk-stripe jacket. He unbuttoned the gold pin and snapped off the tie. He unbuttoned the shirt and took that off, while the City Room gathered and watched him with encouraging comment. "The underwear is mine," Sam growled. "The pants and shoes are—yours. Snijlock."

MacConnochie said primly, "I'll accompany you to your locker. The floor is rather dirty. I wouldn't want any of the 'Globe's' property damaged."

Five minutes later Sam came out of the locker-room with blood in his eye. He was wearing his old clothes; the lopsided jacket and baggy trousers, the dusty hat and voluminous



MR. MIU YEN-SUN, who specializes in sheep and wool, examines a sheep with a fellow student.



MR. LIU CHIN HSU is doing research in animal nutrition. Mr. Yen Chen-shung is a science graduate.

Chinese students studying here

First group of overseas students to study at an Australian university since the war are five Chinese science graduates who began post-graduate research work at Sydney University recently.

ALL were engaged on research work in China since obtaining their degrees, and were specially selected by the Chinese Government, which is paying all expenses. They will do a two-year course studying subjects related to prob-

animal husbandry and fodder conservation at the Veterinary Science School, and the other three are doing geography in the Science section of the University.

Although they can read and write English as easily as their own language, the students admit that they still have difficulty in speaking the language.

"There were no Europeans at the National Central University, Chungking, where we were studying, so we did not get the opportunity to speak English until we came out on the ship from Hongkong," Mr. Lau Tung-mor, B.Sc., and oldest of the group, said.

During the short while they have been in Australia, the students have picked up conversation amazingly well.

"Two of our fellow students in veterinary science are tutoring us in English during the lunch hour every day," said Mr. Liu Chin Hsu. "We do not have time to eat anything but sandwiches for lunch, but we are practising our English well and they are very good tutors."

Mr. Lau mentioned some of the difficulties facing the Chinese universities during the war.

"The National Central University was at Nanking before the war and was one of the finest buildings in China, built on the American style of architecture," he said. "When the Japanese came many universities had to be moved, and it was transferred to Chungking, the wartime capital."

"Many of our valuable instruments were lost, and students and professors had to walk 400 miles to Chungking to continue studies," he said.

In spite of difficulties, however,



MR. CHEN CHENG SIANG, 24, has written 13 books and 47 essays on climatic research. His father was Professor of History at Peking University.

lems of economic agriculture in China.

At the end of this time the Chinese Government is hoping to send additional students to Australia to study.

Two of the students are studying



MR. LIU KING SHAN at the veterinary school, where he is studying animal husbandry.

enrolments at the universities increased during the war, and there were more than 5800 students at the National Central University last year.

"Among these were many women students, who are doing valuable work in research in China," Mr. Lau said.

Three of the students are married, all to women graduates of Chinese universities, but their wives will not be coming to Australia.

Their unfailing good humor and courtesy have made the Chinese students popular with others at the University, especially the lecturing staff.

A spokesman for the University said it was regretted that Australian students could not be sent in exchange to Chinese universities for some time.

As conditions settle, however, further groups of overseas students can be expected to come to Australia to further their studies, he said.

Vivian called. "Be right with you, Sam, dear."

She came gaily into the room. She stopped short. "Sam—what's wrong?" He stared at her. "Nothing. What d'you mean?"

Vivian gestured. There was a faint horror in her dark eyes. "Your clothes. Have you been in an accident?"

"No," Sam said impatiently. "I turned in those other things. They belong to the paper. What's wrong with these?"

"What's wrong with them?" A touch of color deepened Vivian's make-up. "They're impossible. I can't be seen with you in that get-up."

Sam swallowed. He said slowly, "This is how I usually dress. It makes a difference?"

"Of course it makes a difference. Vivian threw up her jewelled wrists. "Sam, do something! Immediately."

Sam shook his head. "So it was the clothes. It wasn't me. Maybe if I'd known before what clothes can do . . ." He shrugged. "It's just as well. You and me—it's off, huh?"

Vivian said, "Sam . . ." The way she said it was answer enough.

Please turn to page 17



AFTER-RACE PARTY at Grafton on Cup Day given by Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Abrahams at their riverside home. "Dove Dale." Judy Abrahams offers savories to her mother and Mrs. R. McDonald.



FROM MOREE to the Grafton races came Miss Marjorie Weekes (left). With her are Miss Patricia Moorhead, Grafton, and Mr. Rowan Blood, Grafton.



DISCUSSING THEIR FAVORITES at Grafton on Cup Day are Mrs. A. McGeoch, Mrs. Reg Inglis, Sydney, Mrs. Eric Holland, and Miss Rosemary Holland.



ENJOYING their day's putting on Cup Day at Grafton are Mrs. Frank Abrahams and Mrs. W. Bailey Tart, of South Grafton.

Grafton Races

ROWS upon rows of cars lined up and more than 6000 people on the Grafton racecourse for the Clarence River Jockey Club's July Victory Cup meeting, held for the first time since 1911.

It is the driest period in the district since records were kept in 1895. Naturally proud citizens are disappointed in the appearance of the course, but it looks pretty good to me, with its still green lawns and lovely flower beds. In fact, Grafton's course reminds me of Melbourne's Flemington in miniature.

I GET to the course an hour before the first race, but no race books are left, although five and a half thousand were printed. Go in search of the secretary of the course I've heard so much about.

Miss Kathleen O'Mara, the only woman race club secretary in New South Wales. Kathleen answers to all names from Kathleen, Kate, Katie, and last, but not least, to Hercules by fellow committee members, who reckon she has the strength of ten men. Anyway, she didn't fail me as regards a race book.

APPETISING luncheons and afternoon teas are served at the course, but on Cup Day visitors, forewarned by the first day's crowds, tried to obtain meals in Grafton before arriving at the course. Result was that local cafes were soon closing their doors against the hordes of hungry punters. In fact, all the doors in Grafton were closed on Cup Day. It was declared a public holiday, and I doubt if there were many people in the town who, even if they didn't attend the races themselves, didn't have some interest in the events.

THE Golf Ball at the Trocadero on Cup eve was highlight of race week, and was great success, and so was private family party given at Criterion Hall at the beginning of the week for Hilda Schaeffer, of Tamworth, who is visiting Grafton with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. B. Schaeffer, of Tamworth, and staying with her grandmother, Mrs. M. E. Schaeffer. It was a coming-out party for Hilda, who is nearly 18 years old, and she had a grand time over the remainder of race week attending the Golf Ball and the races each day. Hilda is studying pharmacy and returns home to get back to her studies after holiday frivolity.

LUCK was in for committeeman John Kelly, whose two horses, Stanwell and Astonish, both won. "No one could be more astonished" than I," says Mr. Kelly when I congratulate him on his wins. He and his wife have Mr. and Mrs. Fred Snowball and their daughter Joan from North Sydney staying with them, and also Miss Margaret Yoole, of Coff's Harbor.



HOST Lieut.-Colonel John Rena (extreme right) with three of his guests at the party he and Mrs. Rena gave at their Grafton home during race week. Guests are, left to right, Mr. Harry Badger and Mr. and Mrs. Don Melville, of Roseville.

NICE to see a familiar face and I am delighted to sit down to lunch at Walker's Hotel next to Frank Morrissey, of Quirindi. Great racing man, Frank brings horse Can gal to Grafton to race.

He tells me last time he visited the town it was during floods and he stepped from steps leading to the first floor of the hotel into a rowing boat and rowed away until he reached a dry spot on the top of the hill. Frank, who is president of Quirindi Races, also tells me that Quirindi is getting polo-minded again and is getting a team together. Believe Quirindi has the oldest polo Cup in Australia.

HAVING a great time in Grafton was Mrs. C. R. McKerihan, who drove up from Sydney for the races with her daughter Dell. Mrs. McKerihan is a Grafton girl. "My husband and I did our courting in Grafton and very quiet it was, too, as we mostly met in church," she said laughingly. "I've brought Dell back to see my home town for the first time and to meet my old friends and relatives," she adds. Mrs. McKerihan has recent news from her married daughter, Mrs. Bewick Hack, who is living in England.

QUITE a night in Grafton following the Cup . . . wife of the chairman, Mrs. E. A. Woodward, tells me most Grafton hostesses held parties during the week before race week, as without domestic help they couldn't give large parties and enjoy the races as well. Jaded with parties and two strenuous days' racing, Friday is "rest day" for ardent race-goers, and local hostesses, who have house-parties and entertain their friends simply at morning or afternoon tea or at small luncheon parties in their homes.

WINDING up race week "doings," Dr. and Mrs. Eric Holland give a lovely cocktail party at their home after final day of races. Their two daughters, Mrs. A. McGeoch and Rosemary Holland, help entertain guests, who include many visitors to Grafton, as well as Grafton friends.



COCKTAIL is welcome after Grafton races, and Mrs. Del Cooley, of Woolahra, enjoys hers with Dr. Ian Morrison and Miss Ildyce Morrison at party given by Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. J. Rena.

AFTER-CUP party is given by the Leo Abrahams, of "Dove Dale," Grafton, who asked friends in for a drink to meet their Sydney house guest, Mrs. Lealey Lipman. Other Sydney guests entertained at their party include the Reg Inglis' and Dr. and Mrs. John Baird.

TO say "thank you" for hospitality received in Grafton over race week the Don Melvilles invite friends in for drinks after races at Freemasons' Hotel. Hospitable Doug Badger, from "Caramana," Grafton, drove me in from races. Meet charming Mrs. Sam Berry, who comes with her husband and niece, Marjorie Weekes, from Moree. They brought several horses down to race, but unfortunately the horses received injuries coming across to Grafton, so were not entered. Mrs. Berry tells me that they hope to get the Moree Picnic Races under way next year, and that it promises to be a "cracker" event.

joyce

MORNING TEA in the sunshine at "Drumbarra," home of Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Woodward, during Grafton's race week. Dr. Woodward is chairman of the race club committee. Left to right: Dr. R. E. Longworth, Lismore, Mrs. L. H. E. Whitaker, Glen Innes, formerly of Malaya, Mrs. E. A. Woodward, Mrs. Longworth, and Dr. Woodward.



YOUNGER SET members at the Grafton Victory Cup race meeting, left to right: Mrs. K. Webber, Misses Kathleen McLachlan, Kay Wilson, and Beatrice Reid. Beatrice is Mrs. Webber's sister.

We Want to Retain Our Freedom!



We Don't Want to be COGS in a MACHINE !

Although government ownership in Australia has proved a costly blunder, more and more activities are coming under government control. If this socialisation continues, the day will come when everything, from shoes to ships, will be government owned. We'll find ourselves regimented employees, wearing, eating, reading, doing, what government bureaucrats dictate. Initiative and ability would be curbed, individual liberty crippled . . . if government ownership were allowed to go its full socialistic way.

THE LIBERAL PARTY will put national interest before nationalisation . . . Australian liberty before bureaucratic dictatorship.

The Liberal Party believes in equality of opportunity and the development of free enterprise. It maintains that healthy competition is the life blood of business; that industries, large and small, should be encouraged without the fear of government intrusion.

A LIBERAL GOVERNMENT will stop unwarranted interference with individual and national liberty.

THE ROAD TO FREEDOM IS THROUGH THE LIBERAL PARTY OF AUSTRALIA

Authorised by
THE FEDERAL SECRETARIAT
The Liberal Party of Australia

L EONIANS, Arians, and Sagittarians who fail to turn the next few weeks to good account have only themselves to blame, for the stars are particularly favorable.

Other groups are not so lucky, however, and Taurians, Scorpions, and Aquarians especially should beware upsets and worries.

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Make good use of July 29, 30 (to 4 p.m.) and August 5 and seek gains and promotions. Live quietly on August 2 and 3, which are confusing.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22):
Live quietly and wisely now, and
avoid difficulties especially on July
30 (mercury), August 4, 5, and 6.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): July 30 (evening), 31, and August 1 can produce minor problems and upsets, but August 2 (afternoon) and 3 can be good.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): August 2 and 3 are deceptive, so avoid changes. August 4 (10 a.m. to 9 p.m.) and 5 (after 10 a.m.) fair; 6 good for modest gains.

LEO (July 22 to August 14): Keep busy now and seek gains, especially on July 26 (to 4 p.m.); August 2 (afternoon), 2



"What d' y' mean, have I had a fright? This is a two-guinea permanent."

Use these

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 13). Concentrate on routine work now, but plan ahead for good weeks. July 21, August 1 (to 1 p.m.), 2 (noon to 2 p.m.), 3 (to 6 p.m.), 5 (afternoon), and 6 (to 3 p.m.) helpful.

LINER (Sept. 23 to Oct. 3): Good fortune possible on August 1 (to 1 p.m.), 2 (afternoon), 3 and 6, to make good use of these days.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Beware pitfalls and quarrels now, especially on July 30, August 1, 3 (near 9 a.m.), 4, 5, and 8. Routine work is advised.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22 to Dec 22):
 Seek desired goals now, and make good use of July 29 (evenings), 30 (to dusk), August 2 (afternoon), 3 (to 4 p.m.), and 4.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): July 21 (to noon), August 1 (midday and late evening), fair. August 2 to August 5 (forenoon): poor. August 6 helpful.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 18): Be on guard and watch for the enemy. He will be in the house on July 20, August 1 and 2, and 4, 5, and 6.

FISCHER (Feb 19 to March 21): Keep to routine tasks on July 26 (evenings), 31, August 1 and 6 (late), all of which are poor. Use August 2 (before 2 p.m.) to get important matters adjusted.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

TEA: Black and red, page 8, VI-VII (VI-V4 expires August 28).
SUGAR: Black, red, and green, page 7, F1, 3, 5, Q1, 3, 5.
BUTTER: Black, red, and green, page 5, 46-48 (III August 25).
MEAT: Black, J1, K1, L1, N1; red, J1, K1, L1, N1; green, C0 and C10 (all till August 25).
CLOTHING: VI-46, X31-112.

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are on
their way to the moon, with

PROF. THURSBY: Who has invented thurene, a rearrangement of atomic structures which resist gravity. He uses this substance to propel his rocket ship Stardust, which travels like a bullet once it is free of the earth's pull.



The professor tells Mandrake he will land Stardust on the side of the moon always seen by man, and that it will be cold and barren; but when they go to the other side he does not know what it will be like. He opens a cupboard and finds

LAURA: His daughter, who, determined to go with her father, has hidden in the rocket.
NOW READ ON:

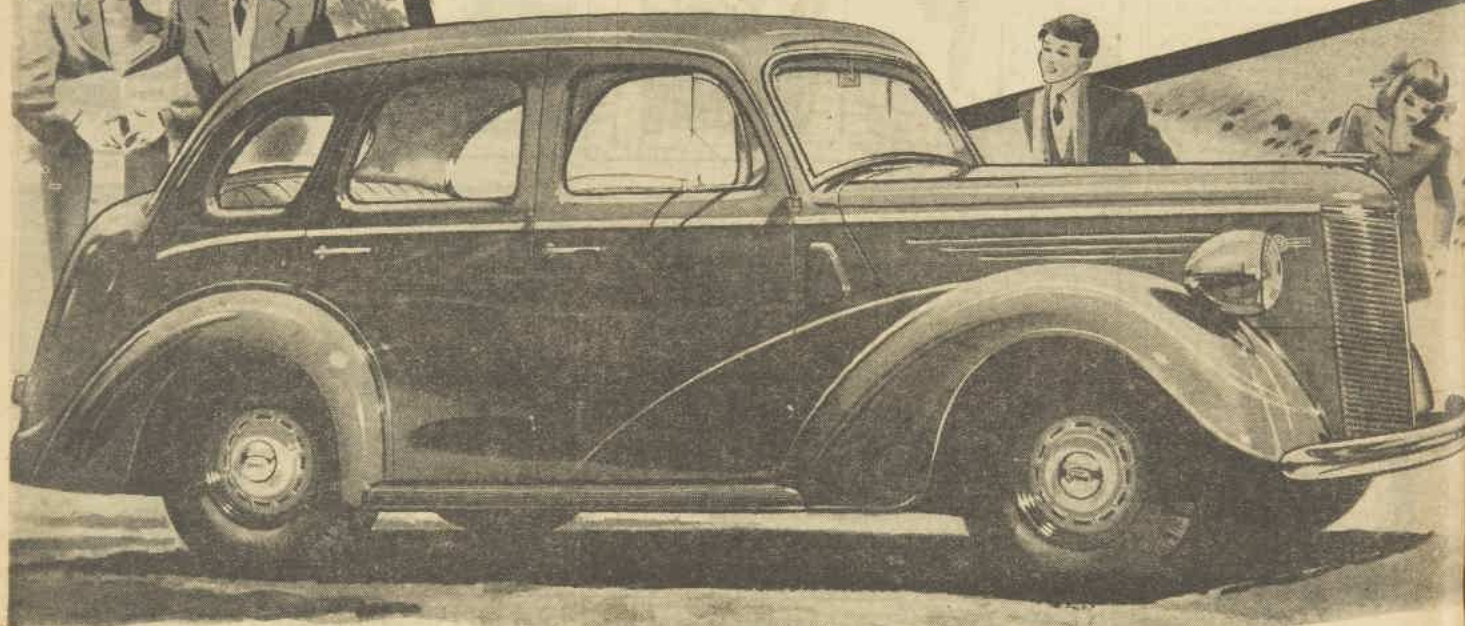


To be continued

THE NEW

Prefect

THE ECONOMY TEN WITH
FULL 4-PASSENGER
COMFORT!



A NEW SPARKLING EYEFUL OF STYLE A NEW ALL-PROVIDING IDEA OF 10 H.P. QUALITY, ROOMINESS AND ECONOMY

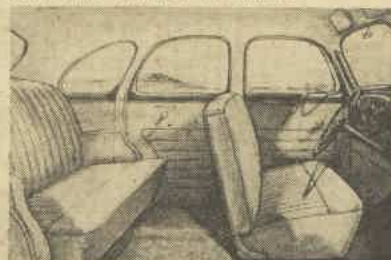
Top value among English "Tens," PREFECT now brings new standards of style, convenience and big car appeal to 10 H.P. motoring. The new sedan body seats four

adults with room to spare, it has hinged windscreen and controlled draught-free ventilating windows. Upholstery, in a choice of attractive new shades, is tailored to keep its smart shape. Powering the PREFECT is the engine widely chosen for war-time reliability—in transport, fire pumps, generating sets, marine units—an engine with unique economy and dependability.

FULL 4-PASSENGER COMFORT



NEW AND STYLISH INTERIORS



NEW COMPLETE VENTILATION



NEW, ROOMY LUGGAGE BOOT



PLACE YOUR ORDER ***Now*** WITH YOUR LOCAL DISTRIBUTOR OR DEALER

Juliana Gets Her Man

Continued from page 4

WAVING a hand over the fascinating assortment on the table, he said: "I say, this is lots of fun. I'm all for it, but tell me, are matches what you're still looking for?"

Juliana looked at her cigarette. "Oh, how perfectly silly. You must think I'm mad." She began to shove the things back into her bag.

"Well then! Why did you ask me for a match when you had a perfectly good cigarette-lighter?"

"Well—er—it doesn't always work, you know. I tried it just before I came over—naturally."

"Naturally," echoed Juliana, for who could doubt that charming face, and, anyway, who wanted to? This is what they call personality, she thought. She felt like the man who was looking for a shilling and picked up a golden sovereign.

A waitress came up with a cup of coffee and placed it before the young man.

"I've been looking for you," she said sourly.

"I'm so sorry," said the young man. And to Juliana, "Have you ordered yet?"

"Just coffee, please."

When the waitress had gone he said, "I hope you don't mind my staying here—it was rather awkward when she brought my coffee over."

"But, of course!" said Juliana.

She felt it was the most natural thing in the world—she couldn't imagine his not staying. In fact, she felt strangely possessive on such short acquaintance, as though she owned him. Maybe I do, she thought. Maybe he is my own creation—maybe I conjured him out of my own thoughts as the Indians are supposed to be able to do. Not bad after one lesson—

"What are you thinking about?" asked the young man.

"Oh, my! You'd get the shock of your life if you knew," she panicked at the very thought of it.

"I can't imagine your thoughts being very shocking." His admiration and interest were obvious.

"Well, not exactly shocking, but certainly peculiar. You should never be too sure you can guess what people are thinking about. Now that old man over there—he looks as though he is wondering if his grandchildren are in bed, yet he might be composing a letter to the papers about brighter Sundays or something."

"More likely he's admiring you and wishing he were young again," said the young man.

"You're not shy, after all, are you?" asked Juliana.

"What do you mean, 'after all'? You know you're a very intriguing young lady, and if you'll permit me, most unusually lovely. He wasn't only looking at her face either, but with admiration at her more general makeup.

Serious student! thought Juliana. Student, indeed! Unless he's a student of biology. She grinned wickedly at her own little joke.

"I can't tell you that one, either!" "Strange person—full of private thoughts. You must have some you can share, surely."

"I'll tell you this much—they're very beautiful thoughts. You'd be surprised. Especially about an hour ago."

"Why, has something nice happened to you?"

Said Juliana, "Nice doesn't seem the right word. Unless you would call the Ninth Symphony nice—or—or—you know what I mean."

"I see—something miraculous." But he didn't quite see and he looked just a shade disappointed and shut out. "But then," he said, "you always would be hearing symphonies and seeing miracles—you're that sort of person."

They were silent a minute, and it was hard to tell who was doing the most admiring.

"Well, maybe you'll tell me your name," he said. "Mine's Smith. Donald Smith—really Smith," he added hurriedly.

"Of course," said Juliana. "I am Juliana Crosby, and I'm not related to Bing, just to save time."

"Juliana—lovely," said Donald. "Listen, Juliana, will you have dinner with me—somewhere nice, I mean. Not here."

Juliana hesitated. She had a superstitious feeling that when they left the cafe some strange spell

would be broken. "I'd love to have dinner with you—truly—but why not here?"

"I'd like to go somewhere nicer," he said. He really meant more romantic, but he didn't quite realise that himself. "This is an awful dump. See—you haven't even got your coffee yet."

Juliana had to admit the service was bad.

"Bad!" said Donald. "That's when there is any at all. I'll tell you what happened to a friend of mine. It's quite a story—do you want to hear?"

Juliana would have listened to him reciting a telephone directory, but she just breathed, "Yes, tell me."

"Well, this friend of mine came in here for a waffle one day. He just had a sudden yearning for a waffle and, having plenty of time—he was a very reasonable man, and he knew waffles take a while to cook—anyway, having plenty of time he came in here and ordered one. It was a good quarter of an hour before the girl came up for his order, but, as I said, he was a reasonable man—"

"Was?" asked Juliana, to show how she was concentrating.

"Yes, was. You wait. As I said, he waited a quarter of an hour, knowing a bit about staff problems, he was quite polite when he finally ordered his waffle. Another quarter of an hour went by, but he knew how long they take to cook, and he really was fond of waffles. Then the girl came back again. 'What was it you ordered?' Reasonable as he was, he was nevertheless a bit annoyed naturally, but he just said, 'A waffle and hurry up like a good girl because I've been here half an hour now.' She said: 'I'm doing the best I can, and I've got a lot of people to serve, and I can't help it.'"

"It took him about ten minutes to calm down, and then another girl came up to him, and told him the other girl had gone off duty, and had been served, and what was the order. My friend got a bit excited, and shouted out very loud, 'A waffle! She said: 'There's no need to shout!' and frowned off. And then she came back and said she was sorry, but waffles were off; in fact, they were only serving salads now. And my friend put his head down like a baby and cried and cried. And, of course, it was so strange to see such a big chap crying aloud in a public place that a rumor got round he was a bit queer. And, do you know, he is queer now, too."

"Oh, what a sad story!" said Juliana. "Of course, we'll go somewhere else."

"Just wait till she brings my bill," said Donald.

They sat and looked at each other. Juliana could feel magnetic emanations, or whatever they were, pouring out of her—or were they pouring into her? No matter. It was all very exciting.

"Tell me something about yourself."

Said Donald, "Well, I am very fond of cricket and swimming. I like rain, rain that goes on and on, the sort that drives most people mad. And I like to be alone sometimes. At least, I used to like being alone."

He looked at Juliana. "You know, if you don't mind, we won't finish this conversation just now. I have a feeling—a strange feeling—that I might like quite different things in the future."

"Remarks to be revised and continued at a later date," said Juliana. "Yes—not too much later—in about ten minutes." He picked up the check, helped Juliana with her coat, and, as he went to the cash desk, she stood there dreaming.

The sour-faced waitress came up with a book and handed it to her. "Your friend left it on the other table."

"Thank you," said Juliana.

The book was somehow familiar-looking, and as Donald was at least a minute getting change she had plenty of time to study his book. It was called "Success For All."

A minute can be quite a long time.

(Copyright)

What's on your mind?

Theatrette instead of assembly hall

A THEATRETTE instead of the orthodox assembly hall is an innovation that should be included in any plans for new school buildings in Australia.

In California I saw a school with a miniature theatre large enough to seat additional audience as well as all the pupils.

It had tip-up seats and a real stage with drop-curtain. Smaller children took their places in the front; bigger ones at the back, where the seats were larger.

A play was regularly presented to the rest of the school by each form in turn. The actors prepared the scenery themselves, wore attractive costumes, and rehearsed thoroughly for weeks beforehand.

To celebrate Columbus Day, members of a junior form produced and acted a play about the discovery of America and thus instilled the date, story, and importance of this national day firmly in their minds.

Concerts could be held and educational films shown without hiring an outside hall.

21 to Mrs. W. Kerr, 8 Lempriere Ave., East St. Kilda, Vic.

Road camps a boon

I SHOULD like to see more road camps, consisting of timber huts, set up near country towns. They would be a real boon to young people spending their holidays cycling or walking through the country, or to motorists, for board at a minute's notice is very hard to get these days. Also, the cost of renting a hut for the night would be much less.

5/- to Miss M. Nicholson, 17 Lincoln Ave., Reside Park, S.A.

SAM said, "I can't change me, Vivian. I could maybe change you, but it's not my job."

In the lobby young Vanderhuys roared.

"Sam said, 'Look. You love Vivian, don't you?'"

"I always have," Dick said. "Since we were kids together. I tried so hard to make it go."

"That's just it," Sam said. "You tried too hard. You're her sort. You're the one for her, but you're too much of a gentleman."

He put his hand on Dick's shoulder. "What Vivian needs is someone to run her; otherwise, she does the running, and that makes her unhappy. Now go up and give it to her straight. Show her who's boss. If she doesn't react right, sock her."

Dick gulped. "Bit her?"

"You probably won't have to," Sam said. "Just be firm, even brutal. But if you have to—do. Phone me at the paper and let me know how it comes out."

Dick brushed his hand over his eyes. "You—you're not going to marry her?"

"No," Sam said. "I haven't got the clothes."

He went moodily back to the "Globe." MacConnachie was sitting at his desk, and he gave Sam a thin smile. Sam growled. The world was very dark. He knew all about women, and he didn't like what he knew.

The Slot yelled, "Call for you, Brummell. Take it in Five."

Sam got up and wandered dully to the phone booth. He said, "Marsten."

Dick Vanderhuys stammered, "S-Sam? Sam, it—it's fine. Vivian's going with me to the Coast. I didn't have to sock her, but she knows I will if I have to, and it's marvellous. Thank you a thousand times, Sam."

"Sure," Sam said hollowly, and hung up.

He went sorrowfully to his desk, shoved some copy paper into the

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind", c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 3. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Sulky fires

HOUSEWIVES would appreciate it if the authorities passed a law compelling all wood merchants to provide shelter for their wood. When the customer receives it, it is sometimes so wet that it is almost impossible to burn it.

It is hard enough trying to get



the children's clothes aired without having to spend ages getting the fire alight.

A little consideration would be a big help.

5/- to Mrs. E. Wotton, 79 Reynards Rd., Coburg, Vic.

Teach French younger

WHY can't all children begin to learn French in the primary school? Many pupils find it very hard to learn once they reach the higher classes. If they began in the primary they would find it much more interesting and easier to understand.

5/- to Beryl Dansie, Queen St., Port Lincoln, S.A.

Glamor Man

Continued from page 12

machine. It was only a story, a story that emphasised Sam's own unhappiness. Everyone got the girl but Sam.

He heaved a tremendous sigh and went into the Old Man's cubicle. "Here's your story," Sam said.

The Old Man scanned the sheets and beamed. "Every other paper will carry the story of your marrying the Broker-Vanderhuys millions, and we'll come out with the real facts." He got up. He grasped Sam's hand. "My boy, you're wonderful. You're set for Washington." He frowned. "You looked different earlier, or am I mistaken?"

"You're not," Sam said. "I had some clothes I bought for the Palm Beach trip. MacConnachie took them away."

The Old Man swallowed to his full five-five. "He did, did he?" He shoved his head out the door and bellowed, "MacConnachie!" The sound echoed in Sam's ears as he went up the City Room.

MacConnachie came hurrying, alarmed to his bald pate. Sam said, "Be sure the maths don't get at my clothes," as he went past, but there was no savor in the triumph.

He had a drink at Colby's. He thought of Washington. It made him sad. Washington wouldn't make him forget Susie. He sighed and set down his glass. A faint perfume touched his nostrils, nostalgic, heart-rending. Susie's scent. "That's how it's going to be," Sam thought. "I'll see her everywhere I go. I'll even smell her perfume."

He glanced up, and Susie was standing by the small table, looking down at him with deep, forget-me-not eyes. She said, "Sam, I—I want you to know I wish you and Mrs. Vanderhuys all happiness in your marriage."

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Importance of speech

SO many of us are very careless about our speech, although we realise how pleasant it is to listen to anyone with a nice speaking voice. There is no need to graduate from a university to speak well; all that is needed is to take care and to listen to ourselves speak, and so improve our accent.

5/- to Nancy Lennan, Frederick St., Annerley, Qld.

Good experiences

GIRLS who want to be dress-makers would be wise to get their experience of sewing and fitting by doing factory work, although factory wages are not so good as those in offices. There is a huge demand at present for girls in factories, so now is the time to seize the opportunity.

5/- to Doris Stone, Box 9, Narrolog, W.A.

Sessions too long

FILMS seem to grow longer and longer. This makes the evening session go on until after eleven o'clock, so when one gets home and to bed the best sleep period is cut so that early risers pay for their outing by being sleepy all the following day. Many patrons would welcome shorter programmes.

5/- to Mrs. F. M. Carey, 13 High St., Burnie, Tas.

Improve labelling

RECENTLY, when buying a French Camembert cheese, the first for six years, I realised how attractively packed and labelled it was. It occurred to me how much Empire producers and exporters might do to step up the desire for Empire goods if more attention was paid to labelling.

The shopkeeper studies the effect of a label when dressing his window, and goods chosen get good publicity.

5/- to Albert Stevens, Argons Farm, Dane Hill, Haywards Heath, Sussex, England.

Pushing his glass away, Sam said, "Who told you I was going to marry Vivian?"

Susie said, "Everyone in Advertising. They made sure I knew. It's in the papers, too."

"Not the 'Globe,'" Sam said. "She's marrying Dick Vanderhuys. They're back together, the way they should be." He swallowed. He thrust out his chin and looked at her flushed, wide-eyed face. "What's it to you, anyhow? You don't care whom I marry."

"But I do," Susie faltered. "Oh, I do, Sam." There were tears in her blue eyes. "When you went to Palm Beach I missed you terribly, but—but it wasn't until I read your stories about Vivian Vanderhuys, until I heard you were going to marry her, that I knew." She lifted her bright head and looked at him squarely. "Oh, Sam, I do love you."

Sam could hardly breathe. "In these clothes?"

Susie looked at his jacket, his tie. Her eyes roved his face. "What's wrong with your clothes?" she asked.

Sam let his breath go. He put out his hand, and Susie caught it in both her warm ones. Sam got up, still holding to her hands. "Come on. Let's go and buy you a ring."

Susie nestled against him. Her smooth forehead wrinkled. "Not an expensive one, Sam. I don't need that."

"That's all right," Sam said happily. "I've got enough for the down-payment."

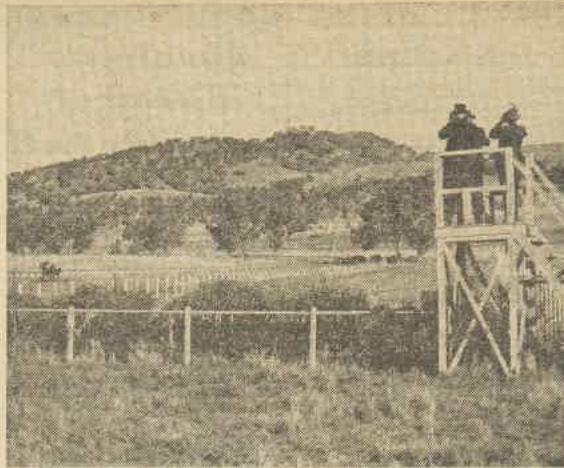
Susie laughed up at him, and Sam smiled down at her in a daze of well-being. He looked round. There was only the bartender and one other man at the bar. Sam bent his head and saw that Susie was waiting, her head raised, her lips parted, her eyes shining between half-meshed lashes.

(Copyright)

Picnic races are part of Australia's bush tra



PICNIC RACES have a leisurely, friendly atmosphere. Owners inspect their horses in the stalls before a race at Quirindi (N.S.W.).



IN PASTORAL SETTING, the judges watch the small field of horses come down the straight towards the winning-post at Quirindi.



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER presents the Gold Cup, rider-owner Mr. F. Burt, of Adelaide, with Gracita, and the Duchess adds congratulations.

Cars replace bullock waggons, but old atmosphere remains

By staff reporter JOYCE BOWDEN

When the Gibson and Chisholm boys built themselves a racetrack during their school holidays in 1830 and raced their ponies over the rough bush course, they did not know they were creating one of the most fascinating features of Australian country life.

This energetic schoolboy pastime is believed to have been the origin of the picnic race meeting.

SONS of Dr. Andrew Lucian Gibson and the John Chisholm family, from "Wallagarang," Goulburn, the boys built their racetrack on the Gibson property, "Tirranra," five miles from Goulburn, N.S.W., when they were home from Mr. Cape's School in Sydney.

As the children grew up Mrs. Gibson set special days aside for "picnic races," and issued invitations to her neighbors and friends from the district.

These were the days when country people throughout Australia were cut off from each other by great distances.

Picnic race meetings were a means

of forgoing, and they are an historical part of Australia's early social life.

The trip to a picnic race meeting in those days was not the light undertaking it is to-day, when the journey can be made comfortably by car in a few hours.

Then as now the races were held during the day. Guests at "Tirranra" arrived before lunch—and later the thirty or forty friends were entertained at a ball at the homestead.

The picnic day was a picnic in name only, as the menu served would have done justice to any banquet, and the clothes worn by women attending the races were the finest money could buy in the Commonwealth.

Sweeping frocks and gorgeous hats were worn by the ladies, to whom "Tirranra" was as important as

Ascot was to their English cousins.

A member of one of Australia's oldest families created great interest when she arrived wearing a wonderful creation of a tulie hat.

Unfortunately it rained during the afternoon, and as tulie was not indestructible, there was nothing left of the hat by the time its owner had run for shelter.

As the years went by so, of course, the picnic day gathering grew, and it is believed that a new course was laid in 1830 and officially registered in 1835.

Until 1871 Mrs. Gibson undertook the arduous task of entertaining race guests.

One of her granddaughters, Miss Blanche Blomfield, says "My grandmother invited all the guests and no one was able to attend unless they received her invitation."

By 1871 the meeting had become so popular, with Sydney visitors and guests from different country districts attending, that it was decided by a committee to thank Mrs. Gibson for her hospitality and to make a ruling that in future guests would bring their own picnic lunches and diners.

The ball, which had outgrown the "Tirranra" drawing-room, was to be held in the township of Goulburn.

At the first official race meeting prize money totalled £7/19/6.

Among the prizes at the first meeting were a thimble valued at 2/6, two guineas at 7/-, a portfolio at 7/6, a workbox at 17/6, a gold pencil case at 25/-, a card case at £2, and a dressing case at £3.

Many of the humble prizes are still in existence and are treasured by their owners.

Between 2000 and 3000 people attended the two-day Jubilee meeting at "Tirranra" in 1905 and a special enclosure was set apart for ladies and their escorts.

During heavy rains the "Tirranra" property was flooded, and one year, just before one of the important race meetings, one of their most promising mounts was housed in the drawing-room in case the animal was swept away by the flood.

Although the Tirranra Race Club is believed to be the oldest picnic race club in Australia, there are many others which will be remembered by "old-timers."

Bong Bong races, held at Throsby Park, Moss Vale, property of Pat Hill Throsby, followed the Tirranra races. Bong Bong races were first held in 1866.

Later a company, the Bong Bong Picnic Club, Ltd., was started, and Bong Bong continued until the last meeting, which was held in the depression days in 1930.

Preparations for the trip would be planned weeks before and old-fashioned "drags," buggies, Cobb coaches, ridden over dusty roads in all kinds of weather, were the means of transport.

In Queensland, picnic races were really picnics in the middle of the last century, the original race meetings being held at Ipswich, Gatton, and Strathpine and neighboring districts.

Racecourses were just tracks up north in those days, and ordinary station horses competed. Jockeys were weighed in the paddock on the local storekeeper's scales.

At Rockhampton meetings crowds came from near and far, in carriages and buggies, to camp out for a week, near the course.

The men had one "colony" of tents, and the womenfolk another. Luncheon parties, dinner parties, and the ball were held in tents.

Dalby and Charleville were really "old-timers," and this year marks the commencement of their meetings, which were tremendous occasions before the war.

Well-known figure at Dalby and Toowoomba was the late Mr. S. A. Taylor, who imported a horse from England—Kaross, a direct descendant of the famous Carbine. He raced some of Kaross' progeny at the picnics.

One feature of picnic races which seems to have remained the same throughout the years is the accommodation problem.

It is nothing for visitors to be forced to share a room with as many as five others.

Favorite method of solving the hanging space with dresses is to tie a rope from wall to wall.

Expensive race ensembles and glittering evening gowns hanging on a rope among the simple furnishings of a small country "pub" bedroom make an incongruous picture.

Probably one of the largest picnic race meetings in Australia is Adelaide's Easter fixture, the Oakbank Races, which are run in a picturesque

setting in the Adelaide hills, thirty miles from the city.

As the Governor, Sir Willoughby Norrie, said when he attended this year's meeting and saw the rolling downs, the side shows, including the five-legged calf, the fifty caravanners, and thousands of other picnickers, the savory and rolls stalls, the fish and chips and the crayfish bar: "I did not think I would ever see anything like this outside England."

It is a long time since Oakbank lost its amateur status, but when it started back in 1876 the riders were all amateurs and the stake money then £45, compared with £3000 now for the major race, the Great Eastern Steeplechase.

Waggon grandstands

IN the early days the few hundred spectators made the trip by bullock waggon, horse and buggy or drag. Now the 64,000 attend by car or train.

The grandstands then were brewer's waggons in a line and the judge's box a baker's cart. Now Oakbank sports an electric totalisator!

The only surviving live member of the Club is Andrew Hughes, who has seen every Oakbank meeting since 1876. He was there large as life again this year.

H. D. Young, M.P., was chairman for about 30 years, and it was due to the foresight of the late Mrs. Young in importing a roll of royal-blue five-and-a-half-inch-wide ribbon some years ago that Alister, this year's winner, could wear his ribbon.

One of the best-known amateur riders in N.S.W., Mr. Cecil Lyne, recalls grand days at "Overflow Station," Nyngan, when he was a child, in 1895.

Guests arrived from miles around for a week's festivities, which included racing, pigeon shoots, kangaroo shoots, and a day set aside for children's sports.

No mere one or two days' racing was the programme here.

Each day's activity was followed by a dance at night, which went on well into the early hours of the following day. Music was supplied mostly by the guests themselves.

They brought their own camping equipment and provisions—all



FORTY YEARS! The Hanging Rock (Vic.) Race Club committee photographed with the famous Rock as background. The old man (with hand on walking-stick) in the centre row is the late J. Kenny, father of Cr. P. M. Kenny, who is now president of the club, has been a committee member for 65 years.



He cup to the winner of the Yass, after his winning race at Yass picnic.

...ment, which was supplied by the station owner. It was many years before "the picnic hour" had been thought of. Beverages of every kind were available in quantity, and the only drinks of the day were whisky, which sold at 4/6 a bottle, and French champagne, which sold at 8/6 a bottle. It was also many years before the picnic, and the champagne was drunk warm except by a few of the key ones who owned "evaporators."

Cootamundra was one of the big centres in New South Wales. It came from miles around, in fact, from all over Australia, even overseas visitors were sent to "Coota" to witness the picnic, which included polo, horse and pigeon shoots.

In the year the late Mr. Ben Osborne came in an impressive Cobb drawn by six grey horses, with 12 guests aboard. Mr. Osborne and Mr. Hope Osborne had engaged one of the leading hotels for their guests.

...y follows story of the old picnic days, but one of the anecdotes that remain in Coota is the story about the McEvoy girls from Coota.

Practical jokes

...y. It is said, arrived at the picnic after the races wearing the director's gowns straight from the stage by this "modern" trend of the matrons of Cootamundra.

...picnic races were the "season" for practical jokes—known Riverina "comet," for instance.

...the night of the district's picnic season one year, the papers announced that a visiting comet was coming near the earth.

...heard the end of the world at hand, and arrangements were made for warning fire bells as if the comet was seen approaching.

...announcement was asked



PICNIC RACE RIDERS call Cootamundra (N.S.W.) "the sweetest little course in the State." "Coota" has been famous for many years for its "picnics." Racing has come back with a boom, and Cootamundra has had several meetings since the end of the war. Other New South Wales centres identified with "the picnics" are Tamworth, Walcha, Barraba, Wee Waa, Gunnedah, Murrumbidgee, Quirindi, Narrabri, Walgett, Coonamble, Bligh (Mudgee), Orange, Wellington, Bathurst, Dubbo, Bourke, Brewarrina, Coota, Grenfell, Young, Boorowa, Yass, Deniliquin, and Forbes.

upon by a group of high-spirited young squatters, whose names those in the know still refuse to divulge. They promptly made a huge ball of wire netting and filled it with kerosene-saturated shavings.

In the small hours of the morning the dreaded fire bells clanged and terrified townspeople tumbled out of their beds to see a blazing ball of fire tearing down the main street.

The night was dark and consternation so great that no one realised the comet was tied to fifty yards of wire attached to a spring dray drawn by four black horses.

Still among the most famous picnic races in Australia are those held at Hanging Rock, near Woodend, Victoria.

For nearly 90 years these races have been held on Easter Monday and New Year's Day, and have attracted thousands of people.

In the pretty little town of Woodend and surrounding district excitement used to run fever high.

During the recent war years the racing at Hanging Rock lapsed, and the last meeting was held on New Year's Day, 1939.

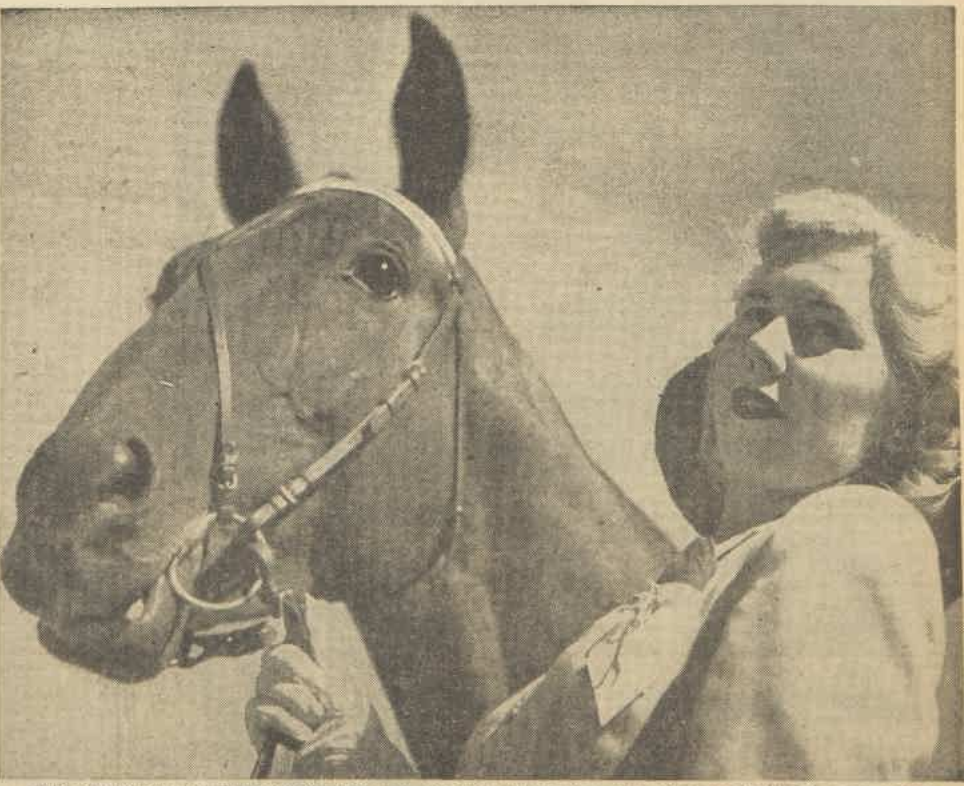
But the present committee is enthusiastically planning a great revival with all the old picnic race atmosphere for next New Year's Day, 1947.

In the 1840s, bullock waggonettes were used to transport racegoers to Hanging Rock. Local identities would act as guides for those bringing horses through the bush to the track.

Another well-known New Year's Day fixture in Victoria is at Pakenham, where picnic races have been annual events for the past fifty years.

Members of the family of the present chairman, Mr. H. Bourke, and secretary, Mr. M. J. Bourke, have been associated with the Pakenham Picnic Club since its inception.

It is one of the few picnic race clubs in Australia which provide a special race during the day for women riders.



ATTRACTIVE PAULINE WEIR, of Bertangles, Yass (N.S.W.), with her horse Baila, which she trained for the Yass Picnic Races. Pauline is an enthusiastic horsewoman, and is thrilled to see her horse racing.

Blessed Relief from

**THROBBING
TIRED FEET!**



There's good money in this photography game — but after a day on crowded pavements, I was ready to chuck it! My feet were in agony.



Giving home, the conductor asked me to sing. "Tired feet!" she said, "use Rexona Ointment. It gives me wonderful relief!"

She turned to a friend, I decided to try Rexona. After bathing, I massaged my feet with it. It was amazing how quickly the painful throbbing ceased.

Now I always rub a little Rexona on my feet before going in the job. Then I'm fit for anything — even after the roughest day!

THE RAPID HEALER

Rexona

1/6 OINTMENT

Rexona's SIX healing ingredients make it the perfect treatment for all skin troubles.

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PEETE SKILL-

MAN'S men stood in a cluster, light playing upon them. Mike Bronson stood over a man who lay still upon the ground. It was one of the Cornish sentries.

"What happened?" he demanded with startling crispness.

"Somebody jumped Simon," said the other Cornishman. "I fired, but I guess I missed."

"Slugged him with a club," said Mr. Povah. "Yeah. Where's his gun?"

"Who was it?" Mike asked.

His torch counted the Skillman party. One man was lacking.

"Thompson," he said with a queer flatness to his voice. "It would be Thompson." Then, suddenly, "The horses! On the jump!"

The horses were there, undisturbed. Mike set a man to watch them. There would be little sleep in the camp that night.

"Why did he do it?" Kelsey asked. "What can he do?"

"Thompson," said Mike again. "It would be Thompson."

"Kind of a sort of a feller," said Mr. Povah. "that 'ud dry-gulch ye."

"Dry-gulch?" asked Kelsey.

"Wimmin," said Mr. Povah. "hasn't got no talent for learnin' plain English." He was disgusted.

Mike shrugged. "It has happened," he said.

Silence and order settled once again upon the camp, but vigilance was increased. Kelsey returned to her blankets reluctantly, but presently she slept.

It was daylight when she awakened. Breakfast fires were burning. One in the midst of the Skillman party, where he cook prepared the ration Mike had dealt out to it; the other close at hand, where the morning meal was being made ready for Mike's little band and for the imprisoned Nazis. Over the coffee,

Mike and Mr. Povah and Bobbs conferred.

"Naturally," Mike was saying, "we must divide our party. Mr. Povah, you will remain here, in charge. How many men will you need?"

"Too many won't be enough," said the old man, "but I'll make out with what ye kin spare."

"Right, Big-Nose Kelly, of course, will have to go with me, and at least one of the miners. We must be close to the spot where Kelly made his find."

"Might be a mile off," said Povah. "and in this country ye could hunt it fur a month."

"How is the man who was hurt last night?" Kelsey asked.

"Cornishman, hain't he?" asked Mr. Povah. "A thump on to the head hain't agoin' to inconvenience him to speak of."

"We'll move Skillman and his people into the torreon," Mike said. "That will simplify things. Only the breach in the wall to watch."

Mr. Bobbs frowned. "Isn't that pretty high-handed?" he asked.

"It is very high-handed," Mike said, "but safety is the first consideration. The only difference I can see between keeping men prisoner in a tower and the open air is one of efficiency."

"But the legal consequences?" asked Mr. Bobbs.

"My job," Mike said, "is to find and to file claims on the molybdenite deposits, and to get this party safely back to civilisation. Which I propose to do. I am not concerned with remote legal bickerings."

"I allus found," said Mr. Povah, "that too much law was apt to be a dratted nuisance. Be ye takin' or leavin' Mr. Bobbs 'n the gal?"

"Leavin' them."

"No," said Mr. Bobbs. "When we

find the deposit, I want to be present. To see that all requirements are met, to judge for myself the value of the find. And, in all the circumstances, I want Kelsey to be with me and under my protection."

"Such as it is," said Mr. Povah disparagingly.

Mike considered the point and nodded. "Very well," he said.

"If we find this ore deposit," asked Mr. Bobbs, "how do we proceed?"

"We return to this spot," Mike said. "I do not care to undertake the responsibility of herding the Nazi prisoners and Skillman's men back through the mountains."

He eyed Mr. Povah thoughtfully, then went on: "I think I shall ask Mr. Povah to make his way to the telegraph and inform the Army officials of the situation. We will then remain here until the prisoners are taken off our hands. There will be plenty to do. It will give me an opportunity to continue investigations of these towers."

That would be the best way, Kelsey could see it would be the best way, but it would mean days, perhaps weeks, more to spend in this fastness. At first, the thought appalled her, and then, curiously, she was glad of it. She was not sure why she was glad, nor did she inquire into the reason for it.

She was diffident about asking herself that question. If she answered it truthfully, another problem would arise which she did not care to face.

It was mid-morning before the little cavalcade, whose members were Kelly, Mr. Bobbs and Kelsey, the Cornishman Lloyd, and Mike Bronson, left the foot of the tower to penetrate the canyons and defiles which formed a gigantic maze on all sides of them.

The responsibility was now Kelly's. He alone would be able to lead them to the spot from which he had taken the samples of molybdenite that had caused the expedition to set out from Phoenix. One part of his story had been proved true—there did exist torreones, scores of them, never before beheld by the eye of a white man.

As the little party proceeded, more and more of them were described on lofty eminences. Mike Bronson speculated upon the people who had inhabited them.

But even as he gave rein to his fancy, he was vigilant. From somewhere in this jumble of rocks and peaks and mesas lurked a dangerous man—a man in whom ranked the memory of humiliation at Mike Bronson's hands, and who could not rest until he had erased the affront to his vanity. Thompson was invisible, but he was never absent from Mike's thoughts.

They were anxious days, arduous, tedious, but not unpleasant. Kelsey and Mike were thrown together more closely than they had been during the long journey from Gallup to Kayenta, and from Kayenta to the side of the first torreon.

It was upon the fourth morning that they came upon a stream that trickled from the narrow mouth of a canyon, through a portal guarded on either side by lofty, fantastic pyramids similar in shape and height.

Big-Nose Kelly shouted his elation. "I been here!" he said. "I been through that hole! I know where we're at!"

From that moment the man proceeded surely, leading them onward and upward. They passed more towers, reached a little plateau, and there Kelly kicked the black charcoal of a dead fire.

"I built it," he said. "We're there."

They dismounted to stand beside him. To the naked eye was visible a tiny sear in upthrust rock.

"Prospect hole," said Kelly. "I dug the half a dozen prospect holes. There's outcrop. The stuff spreads all over, fur's ye kin see."

Mike lowered himself into the first prospect hole with a miner's pick. There was ore there, not a pocket, not a vein, but apparently part of a widespread deposit of the substance. With mounting excitement, he moved from hole to hole. And then, with such laboratory equipment as he had been able to pack in, he made his tests while Mr. Bobbs and Kelsey stood over him, watching every movement, every reaction.

Land of the Torreones

Continued from page 5

"Molybdenite!" he said. "Unique! I never saw the like, Mr. Bobbs! It's a body of molybdenite. Other metals, yes. But in small quantities. The proportions are reversed. This is not a mine in which molybdenite may be obtained as a by-product, but a working where other metals are only incidental."

Mr. Bobbs lowered an eyebrow and looked steadily at Mike. "Young man," he said, "I made no mistake in selecting you to lead this exploration. You have qualities I did not suspect."

Mike was visibly embarrassed. He glanced aside at Kelsey, whose face was grave. "I'm not—not much of a man of action," he said.

"What I was leading up to," Bobbs continued, "is that the company will find a concrete way to express its obligation to you."

"I might, point out," Mike said, "that Phoenix is a long way off. I suggest that we complete the requirements for staking claims, and be ready to start back to camp in the morning. We have all the information so small and poorly equipped a party can acquire. I—I will be more at ease when we get back to our base."

It was Mike who prepared the evening meal. Afterward, with Lloyd, he gave attention to the horses. To the westward the sun, descending, was creating one of those flamboyant displays of color which can be seen only in that south-western country.

Kelsey rose to her feet, slender, boyish in her faded blue trousers, and moved toward higher ground.

"Where are you going?" Mike asked.

She pointed. "Where I can see better before it fades."

"I will come," Mike said, and, not waiting for her acquiescence, followed as she picked her way among loose rocks to a vantage point above. There she found a seat and cupped her face in slender hands. She did not speak for a time as she looked from that height across other heights to the painted sky.

"Your glasses," said Mike, "must dim the colors."

"They moderate them," she said. "I would not like," he told her, "to have my colors moderated. I—I rather like the full impact."

"Of colors?"

He wrinkled his brow and considered the question. "Not merely of colors—of everything. Colors, sounds, events, people. Everything in nature has a way of being immoderate. It seems the way things are intended to be. If you don't take them that way, you cheat yourself. You pay the price of admission and see only part of the show."

"Maybe there are unpleasant parts one does not wish to see."

"Because you are afraid to see them," he said. "That is dodging. The color is just as bright, actually, or the tragedy is black, if you look at them through tinted glasses. You don't change the truth. You only fool yourself."

"You go in for philosophy," she said ironically.

He made no reply to this and the silence lengthened. "Have I," she asked, "been such a nuisance on this trip?"

"Less," he said, "than I feared."

With that question, Kelsey had brought the conversation definitely to a personal plane. She had done it deliberately. She wanted it to be on a personal plane; wanted all subjects excluded but herself and Mike.

Because, suddenly, she had to know what Mike thought of her. There was nothing in the world that she so much craved to know. Because, sitting alone with him in that remote spot, she had become aware of what she thought of him.

But she was not to have her answer. Another voice interrupted. It spoke from behind them.

"Don't move," the voice said. "Neither of you."

Mike's body stiffened, froze to immobility.

"Thompson?" he asked. "Who else," snarled the voice, "did you expect?"

"Nobody else," Mike answered. "I have been expecting you."

"Stand up," ordered Thompson. "Walk this way."

"Your business is with me," Mike said. "Not with Miss Bobbs."

"She comes," Thompson said. "Move."

Please turn to page 23

The Australian Women's Weekly—August 3, 1946

WHY IS YOUR BLOUSE SO MUCH
WHITER THAN MINE?



Just compare Persil whiteness with the whiteness you get from the best of ordinary washers! The difference will amaze you. The reason is that Persil's suds are charged with oxygen—so they're extra active, extra cleansing. Gently they wash away every trace of dirt—not some of it . . . not most of it . . . but ALL OF IT. Persil washes whiter because it washes cleanest. When you see Persil whiteness you'll wonder why you were ever satisfied with anything else.

PERSIL gives
the whitest
wash



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

P.338.19

★ Tiredness makes nervy mothers!

SLEEP BETTER

and you will quickly feel better

To a tired mother, a good night's sleep is the best tonic for both baby and her. It is the perfect antidote to the nerviness which often comes to an overworked, over-tired woman who has to cope with normal household worries and the constant care of a young family.



The enjoyment of a good night's rest is important to everyone; to women with young children it is of paramount importance. If a mother is tired from lack of the deep refreshing sleep she needs, she becomes irritable with everyone even including the children. This constant irritability has an adverse effect on her health which is often reflected in her face and in both her own and her children's health.

How to attain deep sleep.

Thousands of mothers everywhere, confronted with this problem of poor sleep, have tried with complete success a method, recommended by doctors and practised in hospitals and nursing homes, to aid their quest for adequate and refreshing rest. It is the regular taking of Cadbury's Bourn-vita every night before retiring.

The main reason why many people sleep badly is because their bodies are not receiving the nourishment that is necessary during sleep. It is a proved medical fact that your body needs more energy during the first hour of sleep than it does in any normal hour during the day. If you go to bed several hours after your evening meal it is improbable that your stomach contains sufficient nourishment to provide for this necessary energy. That is why the rich food elements in Bourn-vita are of such great value to those people—both men and women—who lie awake for hours, finding sleep hard to get.

What is Bourn-vita?

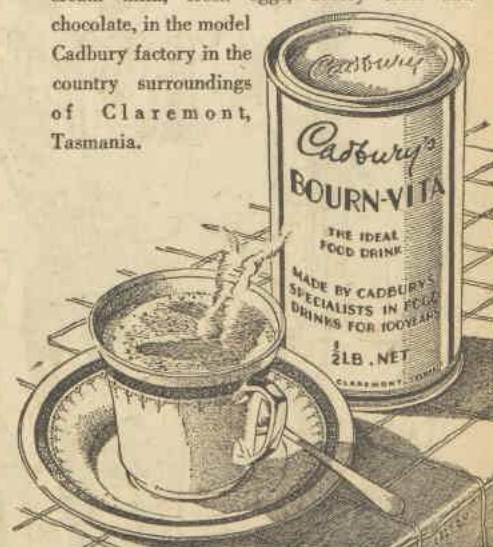
Bourn-vita is made of full-cream milk, fresh eggs and barley malt with the addition of energising chocolate. This highly nutritious combination of foods is rich in the minerals Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron and provides also a store of the Vitamins A, B and D. The Calcium and Phosphorus have the effect of calming taut nerves and with the other food elements combine to provide a source of quickly assimilated energy which the body needs during the hours of sleep. One other important point, particularly to those mothers who suffer from

indigestion, is the fact that Bourn-vita is easily digestible, being rich in Diastase—a natural digestive element.

Easy to prepare.

Cadbury's Bourn-vita is simplicity itself to prepare. Simply place two teaspoonfuls of crisp Bourn-vita granules in a cup or glass of milk. Stir! It requires only a moment or two of preparation to make your regular nightcap of Bourn-vita, which you may make with hot or cold milk as you prefer.

Buy some Cadbury's Bourn-vita. Drink it each night before retiring—every night for a month. You will sleep better after the very first night and feel the sense of heightened well-being as the days pass. Remember—Bourn-vita—made by Cadbury's from full-cream milk, fresh eggs, barley malt and chocolate, in the model Cadbury factory in the country surroundings of Claremont, Tasmania.



Cadbury's **BOURN-VITA**

—every night before bed

Keep on buying Savings Certificates and Stamps.

V2FP6

Fashion PATTERNS



"SUZANNE"

LIGHT SUIT FOR SPRING

This attractively designed suit is a "must" for your spring wardrobe. Cut in heavy, uncrushable printed linen, with a white floral motif on background of pale blue, lime-green, dull-gold, dark green, and marine-blue.

The skirt is cut in gores and is slightly flared. The jacket is designed to give a truly slimming effect, and buttons to the waist. Note how cleverly the pockets have been used.

Ready to Wear. Sizes 32 to 34in. bust. 62/6 (13 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust. 66/6 (13 coupons). Postage. 1/8 extra.

Cut Out Only. 32 to 34in. bust. 42/6 (13 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust. 45/6 (13 coupons). Postage. 1/6 extra.

• TO ORDER: Fashion Frocks, Needlework, Notions, and Fashion Patterns may be had from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given below.

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742

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743

S

SIDE by side they walked toward the voice. Thompson became visible in the shadow of a boulder. He motioned with his gun hand, "Down the hill," he said.

For the first hundred yards the slope was easy. Then it became difficult. Thompson was a few feet behind them. Mike's arm steadied Kelsey, but his touch did not reassure her.

"Oh, Mike!" she exclaimed, using his christian name.

"I was careless," he said.

"Shut up," ordered Thompson.

They reached the creek bed, where it was darker than on the eminence above.

Thompson urged them peremptorily along the trickle, and then into a small valley whose sides rose abruptly.

"This is it," he said.

"You have no spite against Miss Bobbs," Mike said. "Let her go."

"None of you go," Thompson said.

"None?" asked Mike.

Thompson's thin lips twisted. "You led me to the mine, I'll be the only one who knows where it is." It was as simple as that.

"Men like Mr. Bobbs don't disappear without search being made," said Mike.

"Let them hunt. It's worked out handy. Bronson. Five of you start out to find this ore. You disappear."

"All five?" Mike asked.

Thompson nodded. "Try to find five bodies in this country," he said.

"After I've hidden them."

"So we vanish—the five of us."

Mike said. "You find your way out and be low for a while. Is that it? Then you come back and discover this ore body for yourself."

"Like that," said Thompson.

"It will work," Mike agreed. "You wouldn't settle for a share in the mine? If Miss Bobbs guaranteed it."

"I might," said Thompson. "If it wasn't for you."

"Mr. Bobbs values his daughter. Say a hundred thousand dollars' worth. Wouldn't a hundred thousand and no murders be better than the mine with five dead people to remember?"

"Only live people bother me," said Thompson. "You bother me."

Thompson was standing half a dozen feet from them, alert, gun in his right hand hanging at his side. Mike did not look at him, but at Kelsey. He knew it was no use to talk to make offers, for Thompson was a killer—one of those men to whom the taking of human life is not an awful thing.

For the moment, Thompson was enjoying himself. But at any instant he might tire of the enjoyment, and then would come the end of all things for Kelsey and himself. He was unarmed. His gun was in camp beside the fire, but, even had it been in its holster on his hip, he would not have time to draw it. Suddenly his nerve seemed to break. He turned furiously upon Kelsey and his voice was shrill.

"You're to blame for this!" he said hysterically. "You would come along! You would look at sunset! You would be a woman! It's your fault! You've got us in this fix!"

His voice became shriller. He mouthed an oath and called her a name, and then, seeming to lose complete control of himself in his fear of death, he struck her—struck her with the flat of his hand, a swinging blow, so that she lunged toward Thompson, staggering.

Thompson's movement was reflex. Automatically he stretched out his hands to prevent her from falling. The thing was so unexpected, so sudden, that the man, for an instant, in his surprise, acted naturally, instinctively. And in that split second Mike Bronson lunged across the narrow space in a flying tackle.

His arms clamped Thompson's arms to his sides, and they went down upon the sharp stones with vicious impact. Mike's head was under Thompson's chin and he strained upward, tightening the grip of his arms. Thompson's gun hand was beneath his body and useless. Mike used his skull as a weapon and butted Thompson's jaw. They rolled and floundered, but Mike remained uppermost.

"With a rock! With a rock, Kelsey!" he panted.

He could not see what she did, could not know if she understood, but clung with grim tenacity. Thompson close to his ear was a thud. Thompson's body relaxed in his arms and the man was still. Mike did not release his hold.

"You—you can get up!" Kelsey said in an odd, jubilant voice. "You can get up, Mike! It—it was a big rock!"

Mike pushed himself to his feet. His hands were bleeding where the skin had been torn by sharp stones, and he stood swaying.

"Is he dead?" Kelsey asked in a whisper. "Did I kill him?"

He was bending over the man's spraddled body. "I hope not," he said. "I should not like for you to kill a man."

"I struck hard," she said. "With all my might."

"He's alive," Mike said presently. "Your belt."

He rolled Thompson upon his face and secured his hands with the strap. Then, still kneeling, he looked at Kelsey with something abashed and appealing in his eyes. "I'm sorry," he said. "I—I apologise for slapping you. But it seemed a necessary thing to do."

Kelsey laughed thinly, close to hysteria. "Oh," she said, "you have good manners! You have! You have! I said you had bad manners! But I was wrong! You—you always apologise when you slap a girl!"

He leaped to his feet, seized her shoulders, and shook her. "Stop it!" he said savagely. "Stop it!"

Her shoulders quivered under his fingers, but she stood quiet.

"I never," she said, "bashed a man with a rock before. It's unsettling. I'm all right now."

"My own knees quiver," he said.

OUR NEW SERIAL

FIRST instalment will appear next week of "Murder's So Permanent," by Edith Howie, whose previous serial, "Murder For Tea," was particularly well enjoyed by our readers.

Pretty librarian Linda Ware finds hectic trouble invading her life when she becomes engaged to Andy Harecourt, grandson and heir of the town's wealthiest citizen, and meets violent antagonism from his family.

Murder at night, in the library where she works, further disrupts the calm routine of her life.

The story progresses with mystery and suspense to a denouement which will surprise even the most discerning of mystery thriller connoisseurs.

"But you understand about the slap. I couldn't think of another way. I shouldn't be around where rough things are happening. A better man wouldn't have had to slap you."

"A different man," she said, "wouldn't have thought of it, and we would both be dead."

"Well," he said vaguely, "I guess everything is all right now. But if you don't mind, I'll sit down for a minute. I'm not tired," he explained, "but my legs don't seem to work very well."

"They worked well at the right time," she said.

"I wonder," he said, "why a man should be ashamed of being afraid. It is a very natural emotion."

"Were you afraid?" she asked. "I was . . . horribly."

"Not," he said introspectively, "while it was going on. I—I was too busy. But now I am. Sort of retrospectively." He got up, flexing legs that were too limber, and bent over Thompson, running long fingers over the man's skull. "It isn't smashed," he said. "He will be a nuisance. I wish it had been I who struck him."

"You—you don't think I did it well?"

"Oh, yes. I'm glad for you. You would not like to remember that you killed a man. You were—he hesitated—"you were—Why?" he said with a sort of astonishment. "You were magnificent!"

He stood looking at her. It was still light in the gulch and he could see her face distinctly, and her slenderness, and the set of her head upon fine shoulders, and the nimbus of her hair. He compressed his lips.

Land of the Torreones

Continued from page 20

"From the first," he said, "I was determined to dislike you."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because," he said, "you made me feel very odd—I mean you made me uncomfortable. Inside. In the stomach. It fluttered."

"Which," she said, "you resented."

He was examining the phenomenon. "I had met numerous girls before," he said, "but none of them caused that precise sensation. So I did not like you."

She was smiling faintly. "Did this—this fluttering in the stomach persist?" she asked.

Very soberly he answered. "I was never able wholly to subdue it," he replied, "and I found that it was difficult to dislike you. The alternative solution seemed to be to make you dislike me."

"You did a swell job of it," she said.

"And really made you dislike me," he said, but his voice did not express pleasure in the discovery.

"No," she said firmly. "You did not."

"Oh," he said flatly, "I didn't."

"Definitely," she said.

He was uneasy. "I think we should be getting back to camp. This is an odd way to be talking, with him lying there."

"It is a natural way to be talking, with him lying there," she said firmly. "He caused it."

"That," he objected, "doesn't make sense."

"He," she said, "was the finishing touch. I was pretty certain, but he made it positive."

"Made what positive?"

He found that he was standing up, and that he had drawn closer to her and was looking down into the lenses that concealed her eyes.

"I live in mining towns," he found himself saying. "They're rough. There are no—no cultural pleasures. I like places like that. I like my work. I do not like cafe society. If I ever fell in love with a woman, I would want her to be one who could take those things and like them. A woman who could adapt herself."

"And what," she asked, "have I been doing these past weeks?"

He ignored the question.

"Besides," he said, "I've never seen you. I mean it is utterly impossible for a man to—to love a girl when he never has seen her eyes."

She lifted her face. "But could a man come close to it?" she asked. "So close that a sight of her eyes might—might tip him over the way she wanted him to go?"

She lifted both hands to her face and matched off her spectacles. Mike bent his head and stared. The face that he saw was lovely, alive, somehow elfin. Her eyes might have been violet. They were tilted up at the outer corners. They were quavering eyes, demanding eyes, eyes that promised.

Probably Helen had such eyes, and Aspasia, and all the great women of the past to whom love has been a career; who could wreck empires and command kings and hold dominion over the souls of men. Women who have been the desire of the world.

"Goodness gracious!" Mike exclaimed.

"I had to hide them," she said. "I had to. Because I'm not bad. I'm not. But men got the wrong idea about me. And I was afraid. I was afraid of me." She was pitiful. "Mike, do they make you afraid of me?"

He shook his head slowly. "I think," he said with great deliberation, "that they are the sort of eyes that every man in his heart hopes will be the eyes of the woman he loves. I think that men who have any music in their souls set out to search the world for eyes like yours. Dangerous eyes. Eyes that can make tragedy or happiness."

He took the spectacles from her hand and, dropping them to the ground, crushed them under his foot.

"No," he said, "I'm not afraid of you or of them."

"But other men. Always. They'll be making the same mistake."

"Leave other men to me," he said. "The look is mine and the promise is mine, for me alone. And that will be clear so that no one can be mistaken. Because, my dear, the love that I have and—and that I love that I have and—and that I give you will make your eyes converge. The love I have been forced to give you in spite of myself. The glasses are gone. Forever. I want all the world to see your eyes—all the world."

His hands were on her shoulders, passed behind her shoulders, and he drew her to him.

She came eagerly. And after a time they stood apart and looked at each other. Kelsey smiled.

"I retract," she said softly. "You have very nice manners indeed."

After a time, they climbed the steep again, leaving Thompson where he lay. He was an incident. Everything was an incident except that they had found each other, and their world was singing with the joy of it.

It was the climax. They did not think of the hard journey back to the torreon, nor of the importance to archaeology of the discovery, nor of the mine and its richness, nor of the Nazi prisoners of war. Those things were little. Insignificant. What remained to be done would be accomplished as routine.

Whatever had happened before had but been preliminaries to this, leading up to this.

Close together, they walked into the circle of the campfire, and the men there seated looked up at them inquiringly. It was Kelsey who spoke, standing erect and proud and young and incredibly lovely.

"Dad," she said, "I've thrown away my spectacles."

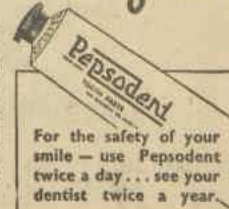
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PL 478

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The Patient in No. 10

Continued from page 7

I KNELT down beside him and he grabbed my hand. "Oh, my dear," I gasped, "what happened to you?" "Reached for a drink," he groaned, "and fell out of bed." "Oh... it's all my fault." I tried to lift him, but every time I pulled he let out such a squeal I was afraid he might fall apart. "Where do you hurt?" I asked. He put his hand over his heart and looked up at me. I noticed that even in his misery his eyes sparkled. I begged him, "Now try to help me."

But I met with an irresistible force and found myself on the floor beside him. It was then that Miss Parsons bustled in.

"What's all the noise..." she started, then she stood and glared. I didn't like what she was thinking.

"He... he fell..." I faltered. "Please help me, Miss Parsons. I can't get him back into bed."

"Peculiar way you have of trying."

She grabbed him and he practically tumbled himself in. "There now, I'll handle this case the rest of the night," she decided, "and I guarantee there'll be no more nonsense in here."

I was sure of that. I turned to throw him a triumphant glance, but he was making an awful face, and groaning again. I reached for his pulse. His hand was hot. What if he had hurt himself badly?

"Id better call the doctor," I panted.

Miss Parsons nodded, and he called, "Hey... don't..."

To call Doctor Miller at that time of the night took all the courage I had. I could feel his fishy eyes glaring at me from under his bushy brows. But I had to do it. I skidded into the office and called his number.

"Doctor Miller," I managed, "Your patient in Number Ten just fell out of bed."

"What?" he shouted, "say that again."

My hands were shaking, and all I could say was "Number Ten."

"I'll be right over," he yelled, and I went back to the patient.

"I called him," I announced, and tried to edge from the room.

"No, you don't," Miss Parsons cried. "This isn't my affair now."

She swished from the room, and the patient smiled.

"You're easily amused. My job doesn't mean a thing to you," I said bitterly.

I turned my back on him and went to the window. He let out a little cry, and mechanically I swung round and reached for his pulse.

I couldn't count it because he caught my hand in both of his and wouldn't let go. Every time I tried to pull away he moaned.

"You're a big fake," I told him. "You don't need a doctor. There isn't a thing wrong with you except a silly notion that every nurse is dying for your attentions. I'm getting out of here. You can do the explaining to the doctor."

Then he started to gasp. He panted, and snorted. In a jiffy I had my hand under his back and had him in a sitting position.

"I think you're fooling," I scolded, "but..."

I studied him quickly. His eyes looked a little wild, and his face looked purple in the early dawn. My conscience derided me. I had no right to neglect a patient, even the worst pests have a right to live. I put my hand on his forehead. It felt hot, or was it my hand that was hot? My cheek was cold, so I leaned over and put it against his.

"What in thunderation..."

I dropped the patient and stood erect. I had forgotten that Doctor Miller lives just across the street from the hospital. Those porcupines that he has for eyebrows shot quills at me. I could feel them stinging.

"Doctor," I said, "the patient felt feverish. I was trying..."

"Never heard of a thermometer," He pushed me away from the bed. "Now what's this all about?"

Number Ten's voice was hardly discernible. "I fell out of bed."

He didn't look at me. I wish he had. I could have killed him with a stare. But the doctor looked at me, looked hard.

"Young woman!"—his face looked about to burst. "You're excused from duty, from this minute on."

I turned and groped for the door. Why hadn't I remembered he was head of the hospital board when I ignored Number Ten's light?

"Hey—you can't do this," Number Ten yelled. "You can't fire her. Hey, Angel, wait..."

I slammed the door behind me. My eyes were drippy as I gathered up my few possessions... bandage scissors, a nail file, three lipstick tubes, a spool of thread, and one murder story.

My progress down the hall was slow. I paused at the doors to each of my sleeping patients. Would Number Twelve indulge in hysteria again? Who would send Number Seven back to bed when he walked in his sleep? I didn't want to leave them... they trusted me. Would they believe the gossip that would circulate after I left?

A sob caught in my throat as I neared Number Eleven's door. I peeked in. His weathered old face looked like fine ashes. His knobby hands tugged at my heart. He was...

I dropped the bundle and ran to him. As I lifted him and tried to ease his breathing, I realised what a fake Number Ten was... too bad he couldn't see this poor old man.

"You're all right," I crooned to him. "You can breathe now, can't you?"

I studied his face. The tension did not relax. I rubbed his wrists. He moaned and swooned against me.

"That's right, lean on me," I said. "I'm strong. I'll hold you."

He didn't answer. Usually, after an attack he clung to me like a frightened child, but he always made some feeble attempt to thank me. His eyes... they looked glassy. I reached for his belt. I pressed it until the end of my finger was sore. No one answered.

I propped pillows around him and gave the foot of his bed a quick crank to raise him up. Then I tore to the dressing room. I grabbed the adrenalin and dashed back into the hall, where I bumped into Number Seven, sleepwalking again. I turned him round and gave him a push, and yelled, "Get back into bed."

so loudly that Doctor Miller charged into the hall. I didn't give him a chance to rave. I grabbed his sleeve and pulled.

"For heaven's sake, hurry, doctor," I begged.

We were in Number Eleven now, and the doctor didn't need to ask a thing. We worked together quickly until I

heard Number Twelve let out a wail. I might have known the disturbance would start her off...

"I'll be right back," I said. I bounded into Number Twelve's room and found Number Seven trying to get into her bed. When I shook him he awakened and tried to apologise, but I pushed him again and said, "Get into your own bed now."

Number Twelve didn't stop screaming so I grabbed a partly filled glass of water and let her have it in the face. "Now go to sleep," I said crossly as I pulled away the wet pillow and chucked the extra one under her. "I'll come back and give you a tablet later."

In the hall I saw Number Seven disappearing into his own room, so I hurried back to Number Eleven, and the doctor, The old man's heart was on its own again. The doctor nodded to me and walked out, and not until he was gone did I remember that we were bitter enemies. I let the old man hang on to my hand until he was asleep, then I tiptoed away. I lingered at the door a moment... he couldn't afford a special, so I prayed the next night nurse would have strong arms and a kind heart.

A hand on my shoulder jerked me round. Miss Parsons bared her fangs at me. "What kind of a madhouse is this? I thought you were..."

Before I had a chance to tell her what to do about it, I saw Miss Parsons pull up her face and try to pin a bouquet of smiles on it. "Good evening, doctor. I'm sorry about the confusion, but I assure you it won't happen again." She smirked at me.

The doctor's face was inscrutable.

"Miss Parsons, go in to Number Twelve."

"Oh, yes, doctor." I reached out for my bundle that the doctor was holding. "I'm leaving now. But, please... Number Eleven..." was all I could gasp.

"Wait..." He forced me into Number Ten's room. Handsome was sitting up in bed, smoking a cigarette. I breathed deeply, trying to crowd the ever-nauseating odor of sick beds from my lungs. Then I remembered. It might be a long time before I would be near a sick bed again. Without a recommendation, what could I get to do?

I stood near the door, anxious to get away before I made myself look sillier by blubbering. I was trying to force myself to talk to the doctor... apologise in some way. I cleared my throat. The doctor cleared his. We looked at each other, then he cleared his again. "Arrangements will be made for more night nurses. I've seen enough to-night to convince the board... and Number Eleven will have to be watched more closely."

I muttered a puny, "Thank you."

The doctor pointed toward the bed, and when I looked over there the grin was gone. In its place was something so nearly genuine that I had a hard time remembering the dirty trick he had played me. Then the doctor growled, "Fake... nothing the matter with him but an acute case of heart trouble." He chuckled... the old bear was almost human when he thought he was being funny... but he snapped back into routine.

"Clean up this disorder," he said to me, "then get back to your other duties."

He walked out and closed the door softly behind him.

All the fun was gone from Number Ten's face.

He held out his hand. "Come over here. There... that's better... can't we forget everything and make a fresh start? I mean, he real friends... go to shows, dinners, rides in the moonlight... well, you know. What's the answer?"

Playing was crowding out the mischief from his eyes. But I was afraid to answer. "I... I ought to take your temperature," I said. "Don't you dare." He clamped his mouth shut.

I wanted awfully to laugh, but I straightened myself professionally. Maybe I'd better make a formal rejection before my heart jumped right out of my uniform. He sensed what I was going to say, and for the first time I read in his eyes a sincere something that planted me right into a bed of rose petals. But before I could utter a word I heard Miss Parsons' big feet clumping down the hall. I knew she'd stick her nose in the door, so I leaned down and kissed a quick and unmistakable answer right on his nice mouth.

After all, nursing does get tiresome, sometimes.

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SAIL THROUGH WASHDAYS WITH RINSO'S RICHER THICKER SUDS



"Yeast-chinn department on the fourth floor."

OUR Hollywood correspondent says she has recently been entranced by the sight of a former Australian wrestler, Leslie Grimes, with a small paint brush clasped in a huge hand delicately painting cloud backgrounds for Columbia's new film, "Gallant Journey."

Leslie, who left his home in Clifton, Queensland, fifteen years ago, has been combining his talents as a champion wrestler and artist.

He was studying art at the Melbourne National Art Gallery, but his love of wrestling sent him off to America on a tour.

He met a girl in Kansas, married, and settled down in America.

WE were one of a group of people at a friend's home the other night discussing in a half-joking, half-horrified and cynical manner the damage that can be done by the atom bomb.

The small daughter of the house was listening restlessly to all this high-banter and suddenly turned savagely on us and said:

"It's all right for you all to joke about it, but what's going to happen to my bicycle."

WORTH Reporting

Practical toys

U.S. toys are becoming more practical every day, says our New York office. A toy electric range that can be used for baking and cooking is in production.

Its size is 15in. wide, 12 1/2in. deep. It has three units; two on top and separate oven unit.

Safety features include red signals to show when the current is on and an air pocket in each of the units keeps the range from getting too hot. Five utensils are included with the toy stove.

Brightening up Holyrood

QUEEN ELIZABETH has been trying to brighten up the picture gallery in the Palace of Holyrood in Edinburgh.

Most of their Majesties' Scottish subjects are entertained in the gallery, but it has always been considered the gloomiest of State apartments. It is not improved by the array of grim and stern portraits of real and legendary Scottish kings who look down from its walls.

When Queen Mary in 1930 suggested the pictures should be hung elsewhere, there was an offended silence among the staff members, so she didn't follow it up.

Queen Elizabeth has been borrowing gold brocade curtains from Buckingham Palace to lend some color to it, and is insistent that every corner is filled with bowls of flowers.

WHEN we think of our embarrassing struggles in bus, tram, or train to find our ticket or purse hidden at the bottom of our hand-bag we can hardly wait for the day when we will be able to buy an illuminated hand-bag.

This has been recently designed in America with a light that automatically switches on when the bag is opened, revealing the bag's darkest depths.

British war tapestry

NEARLY 900 centuries ago the ladies of the Norman Court made tapestries to commemorate the deeds of their menfolk.

In 1946 the women of Britain are to commemorate their own war work in a colorful embroidered panel some 12 feet long and 7 feet wide, says our London office.

Officials of the National Federation of Women's Institutes, which sponsors the scheme, say that the panel will take about two years to complete. It is to be presented to the nation.

The work will be started in the autumn, when about 300 women from over 50 counties will take part, each county being responsible for a certain section of the panel.

At the National Federation School of Needlework county representatives are being specially trained by Miss Sybil Blunt, who has been working on the cathedral embroideries there for many years.

Miss Blunt is designing the cartoon for the tapestry, which is to be a record of every aspect of women's war work, both in the Forces and on the Home Front.

The embroidery will be done on canvas in the intricate Winchester stitch.

WE were touched the other night when a gentleman who had beaten us to the last seat in the train said we could sit on the arm of the seat if we wanted to.

All of which made us acutely aware that chivalry was not dead.

Antique car

RESIDENTS of Mount Barker, a hill town 35 miles from Adelaide, left their shops and homes to cheer when a 41-year-old roadster made its first trip for about 20 years.

The car belongs to Mr. Edgar Davidson, and is a one-cylinder, five-horse-power Rover, which was bought in England in 1905.

Mr. Davidson's mechanically-minded son Bill persuaded him to have it resurrected.

Unusually advanced features in this oldest registered vehicle in the State are that the engine and gearbox are cast in one unit and that the gear shift lever is mounted on the steering column.

On an even grade it can be relied on for a steady 25 m.p.h. and has sufficient power for any hills in the district, but Adelaide is unlikely to see it put through its paces unless a Veteran Car Rally takes place.

Such disadvantages as a fiercely actioned clutch liable to shoot the unsuspecting out of their seat, a complete lack of windscreen and hood and a tendency to balk at a head wind are offset by the 50 miles per gallon which it will do.

Fat for Britain

THERE'S a professional finish to the 4000 tins of dripping despatched by members of the Victorian Housewives' Association to overseas countries needing fats.

Their clubrooms are a pocket edition of a factory, where fat contributed by housewives throughout the State is clarified, rendered, and canned on the spot.

The fat is canned with a handy little home canning machine, such as many American housewives possess. It was lent to the association.

It is rather like a mincer and is easily fixed to the table-edge. The can, filled with fat, is placed in the machine, which is one action clamps on the lid neatly and firmly and makes the tin completely airtight.

Animal Antics



"She says to grind this for the percolator!"

Cats in the wall

A COUPLE of cats we know have been hit by the housing shortage, too.

Mother and daughter, they're living a secluded life in a hole in a wall facing Martin Place, Sydney.

During the day they sun themselves on a grassy bank nearby and rather regally await the meals brought to them by the residents in Macquarie and Phillip Streets.

One lady brings along a collection of screw-top jars containing neatly chopped-up liver, milk, and small pieces of biscuits for lunch.

This she feeds them with a silver-plated fork and when the meal is finished wipes the jars with a wet square of rag.

The lady told us rather regretfully that she is shortly leaving town and is hoping that someone else will take her place on the luncheon shift.

We bet the cats hope so, too.



What a newcomer thinks of us Aussies...

WHEN JOHN FIRST CAME TO AUSTRALIA HE FELL IN LOVE WITH ITS SUNSHINE, ITS BUSHLAND AND BEACHES, THE WARM-HEARTED FRIENDLINESS OF ITS PEOPLE. THEN-A CHANGE IN THEIR ATTITUDE TOWARDS HIM! WAS IT AUSTRALIA...OR WAS IT HIMSELF?

When I'm demobbed next month I'd give a lot to live here-if a nice family like yours would board me.

Oh, do stay with us John! I... mean we...are all very fond of you, aren't we Mum?

BUT A MONTH LATER...

Please don't crowd me, John! It's far too stuffy in front of this fire anyway.

You're right, Sis. This atmosphere is a bit too much for me, too.

Say Bill, I'm getting the cold-shoulder from everyone. Have I worn my welcome out in this country?

Listen, John, nobody likes "B.O.". Everyone in this house uses Lifebuoy-except you. Savvy?

I always used this refreshing Lifebuoy in camp. Why did I ever change? Lifebuoy, with its special health ingredient gives lasting and all-over protection from "B.O."

A YEAR LATER...

You're a dinky-di Aussie now, John! In business for yourself and doing so well too.

And what a lovely Australian wife I have!

(Thinks) Everything's come my way since I've used Lifebuoy.

THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."

LIFEBUOY

Why not stay?

By . . .
JEANNE MULLINS

IT'S raining cats and dogs and I'm visiting in an outer suburb and the hostess is one of those women who don't put the supper on till about eleven, which leaves five minutes to catch the last train.

There's a lot of gay talk about lending umbrellas, and Jack's ground-sheet, and you haven't a hope of a taxi, and then someone says, "Why not stay?"

I personally have been thinking of this myself, ever since I took a look at the weather before supper, and got a handful of hall in my eye.

I've been saying over to myself, "Jack and Merna have the front room with the double bed, and Uncle George is in the sleep-out, and the children are in the second bedroom."

"David has a cot, I think. There used to be twin beds in there. Suppose Barbara Anne's in one. Wonder if the other's vacant?"

But, of course, I am actually going on with a lot of well-simulated, surprised remarks like, "Oh, thanks—but—no—I couldn't—really! You haven't room!"

Merna crashes my nice little plans by saying vaguely, "We used to have a spare single bed, but I lent it to Mum when Jim got his discharge."

Some silly ass says what about sharing the cot with David. There are always people like that.

Jack, who has arrived at the rather too genial stage, says, "Dash it all, you sleep with Merna. I'll doss down on the floor. Won't make any difference to me. When a man's been in the Army—"

Those Army beds

AND then we have a long diatribe about the Army beds (these old soldiers!) and I see by the clock the last train has gone.

Meanwhile, I'm saying girlish things about not dreaming of putting Jack out of his bed, and I can see, out of the corner of my eye, Merna is not taken with the idea either.

Jack is already on the floor, demonstrating to a few late stayers how he slept 18 hours solid like this in Tobruk, or somewhere in New Guinea.

Everybody starts getting a bit sick of the whole thing until Merna finally suggests, "What about the camp-stretcher?"

Let me take this opportunity of warning you.

Should anyone ever suggest you sleep on the good old cot they went through the Army on, it will be better for you to walk two miles in a blizzard to get back to your divan wall-bed in your bed-sit-room than to try it.

The evening is over. Everyone has finally trooped out of the lounge in a sort of fun-at-boarding-school fashion, leaving me to heaven and the camp-stretcher.

I have cleaned my teeth somewhat sketchily with a finger dipped in toothpaste and donned one of the nighties Merna had for hospital. It's a very pretty nightie—for summer.

Naturally, in such a situation I couldn't expect a girl to lend me flannelette pyjamas. She is just as anxious as I am to give the impression she always sleeps in glamor.

However, I stand there in pink chiffon and corn lace and wistfully wish we could have been honest about it.

The camp-stretcher has been fitted up with a pair of single sheets



JACK is already demonstrating how he slept on the ground when he was in the Army, and saying how comfortable it is.

and one of the primrose blankets (the other was cut up to make two cot sheets) and Uncle George's travelling rug.

"Are you sure you'll be warm enough?" Merna asks in the sort of uninspired voice that suggests she can't think of anything else to give me. "I could take the cover off our bed."

"No, really!" I protest, "this'll be tons, thanks. I don't feel the cold."

It's funny the pride I seem to take in suggesting I am different from the common run of person, like not feeling the cold, and the weird part is, posing in the pink chiffon and corn lace, I really believe it's true, forgetting in one fell swoop a lifetime of going into wool in June and having a hot-water bottle even in the depth of summer.

Somewhat, under the influence of the general set-up and the party glow, I seem to become an entirely different character. I feel it would hardly be stretching a point to indicate I swam all the year round.

Then I discover the view of myself in the lounge-room mirrors, so placed that I get a hitherto-unsuspected angle on the back of my head, which I haven't seen for some time, and I am rather taken with it.

I stand there, lifting it proudly from time to time until I get too chilly.

The lounge-room fire is still glowing, and I crouch picturesquely over that, my hair falling over my face (of course, I didn't bring my curlers) and the freight flickering on the pink chiffon, and I rather wish there was someone there to appreciate me like this.

But my back has become thoroughly chilled and I decide on bed. The air of my boudoir is distinctly heavy with stale cigarette smoke.

The only windows in the lounge

are two high-up stained-glass affairs. The one over my bed is already open a little, but I cannot reach the other.

I open the glass door on to the porch and the icy blast thrusts me straight back into the stretcher. I have to get out again, unfortunately, to turn the light off at the door.

Merna's voice comes thinly from the front bedroom: "All right, dear?" and I call back in a hideously cloy stage-whisper, "Right as rain!"

Not tucked in

I HOP on to the stretcher and start tucking the clothes around my freezing back. I then make the horrible discovery that in a camp-stretcher clothes do not tuck.

There is nothing to tuck them under. I endeavor to roll myself under, and, achieving a temporary warmth, I drop off to sleep.

I wake up at some unspecified, ungodly hour absolutely frozen. Uncle George's rug has slipped to the floor and I expose myself to the elements for a moment while I haul it up.

My feet are like blocks of ice, but if I wind them in the bedclothes the things slip off my shoulders. I think my stockings might help and get out of bed and grope my way

to the bridge-chair my clothes are on, stubbing my toe en route.

I find one stocking, but although I crawl completely round the lounge on my hands and knees I cannot find the other.

By this time I have entirely given up being a Spartan and shut the porch door.

The lounge fire is now nothing but dead ashes.

I heave the clothes up and they come away, leaving my feet bare.

I get up again and put on my petticoat and wish I'd worn all-wool to the party instead of a ridiculous beaded crepe.

Once more in bed, I tell myself to just lie quietly on my back, take deep breaths, and make my mind a blank. But my mind keeps getting filled up with thoughts about making it a blank and other thoughts about my overcoat hanging snugly in Merna's wardrobe.

Feverishly I start going over the furniture in my thoughts in search of some possible drape for my leg form. The curtains and the lace bridge-table cover are rejected. The armchairs have no loose covers—but wait!

I climb out of bed for the last time.

Dawn finds me uneasily sleeping under two burgundy cushions and the cream lamb-wool hearthrug.

NEW YORK ROUND-UP

Mosquito prefers humans

Radioed by L. J. MILLER, of our New York staff.

Four years' study in East Africa has revealed that humans have the highest bite appeal for mosquitoes carrying yellow fever.

Dr. A. J. Haddon, entomologist for the Rockefeller Foundation's international health division, conducted experiments with two pairs of baboons, two goats, and six fowls arranged in a circle.

A NAKED native boy was hired to sit in the circle.

In two hours 95 mosquitoes landed and started to eat—58 on the boy, 23 on fowls, 12 on goats, and two on baboons.

Haddon also proved mosquitoes prefer some humans to others. Two boys agreed to be human bait. They changed places after two hours.

Boy "A" was bitten by 60 mosquitoes of four species; boy "B" by 103 mosquitoes of nine species.

So there are differences in attractiveness not apparent to the human eye.

ELECTRONIC heat is used in a new sandwich vending machine to cook hamburgers and hot dogs.

Drop in a coin, wait three seconds, and out pops a hot sandwich, cellophane wrapped.

These machines will be installed in lunch rooms, factories, and other centres on a rental basis.

Next comes the coffee vendor to dispense this brew in four styles: black, with cream, with sugar, or with cream and sugar together.

LIQUID sugar is being made by a New York firm for delivery in tank trucks to industrial users.

This liquid sweetening is two-thirds sugar, one-third water, and is pumped from the carrier to factory tanks, then piped as needed to the point of use.

Less storage space is needed for liquid sweetness. It takes less labor in handling than dry sugar and costs less to produce.

WISCONSIN is a great place for mothers-in-law and sometimes fathers-in-law.

There, if a husband wishes to take his under-age wife into a liquor bar, the couple must be accompanied by a parent or guardian. The husband does not qualify.

It may not suit the young wife who likes more than one cocktail; but it gives the mother-in-law a rare opportunity to exercise her authority.

HOUSEWIVES with aching backs may not be suffering from an overdose of floor polishing.

The trouble may be merely a small lump of fat lying just below the spine. Dr. Ralph Herz, of Cleveland, told the American Medical Association conference. He said the removal of this lump relieves many people suffering from pains low in their backs.

Many patients, he said, were relieved after all other forms of treatment had failed. Relief was often immediate and lasting.

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



Chauvel is seeking cast for film

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

There's a determined search going on just now for five tall, brawny, young Australian men with film-acting talent.

Australian producer-director Charles Chauvel is leading the hunt, because the five young men will be the featured players in the film he is about to produce—tentatively called "Sons of Mathew." It will be retitled later.

EACH actor will need to be a definite type. From the intensive search is likely to come the chance to win film success similar to that of Errol Flynn, who was first brought to the screen by Charles Chauvel; and "Chips" Rafferty, whose work as Jim in the Chauvel-directed film, "Forty Thousand Horsemen," brought him London acclaim several years ago when the picture was screened there in the West End.

From Mr. and Mrs. Chauvel I heard the proposed plans for their new film, which had been inspired by the life of a famous Queensland family—the O'Reillys, of the Lamington Plateau.

The O'Reillys live near the entrance to the National Park, which is portion of the Plateau almost on the coastal border of Queensland and New South Wales.

Most Australians will remember Bernard as the best-known of the O'Reillys. It was he who discovered the wreck of the *Silson* airliner, which crashed in the jungle on the Plateau in 1937.

"We are not featuring the crash in the film, because after long research, even to the preparation of a script on the dramatic story, we felt that it might be too harrowing for the aftermath of war," said Mr. Chauvel.

"Bernard O'Reilly's two boys,

'Green Mountain' and 'Cullenben-bong' gave us the idea that a grand story could be written round a family similar to the O'Reillys."

Based on real life, the story describes the men who fought against nature in her most eerie and difficult moods with nothing but their sheer physical strength.

"We have called our film family the O'Reillys," said Mr. Chauvel. "The story begins in the Kanimbla Valley (N.S.W.) about 1880, and from the actual experiences of the O'Reillys we have woven our version of an Irish-Australian family whose complete unity was the guiding principle of their lives."

"The family suffered the trials of droughts and poor seasons on Kanimbla, but they saw the development of the Blue Mountains tourist traffic and began to think of Queensland in a similar light."

"Publicity had been given to the Queensland Lamington Plateau (named after a Governor of Queensland). One area of Lamington along the New South Wales border has a group of ice-age beech trees which date back for thirty centuries."

"The section of the Plateau which the O'Reillys decided to clear was accessible by only one small entrance. Terrific jungle and precipitous cliffs barred the way, and for six years the members of the O'Reilly family carried on their backs everything which went into the making of a home for a distance of 18 miles of appalling climbing from the little village of Kerry."

"Actually the O'Reillys had eight



AUSTRALIAN FILM DIRECTOR Charles Chauvel with his wife, who will act as continuity writer for his film "Sons of Mathew," which will be begun soon on the Lamington Plateau, Queensland. The story has been based on the life of the O'Reilly family, who were pioneers of the jungle on the Plateau.

sons and three daughters, but we present the O'Reillys as having five sons and two daughters—Mary and Sheila.

"The story continues on through the lives of the family and ends just before World War I, the final sequence being a hurricane—the sort which Queensland jungle-dwellers know only too well."

"The magnificent background of the Macpherson Ranges, of which the plateau is part, will form a breathtaking and splendid curtain for what we feel is a most unusual love story—which in character fits in well with the drama."

"In addition to the search for the five typical young men, we also are looking for a young actress for the leading feminine part."

Mr. and Mrs. Chauvel spent two months on Lamington Plateau with script writers Maxwell Dunn, Gwen Meredith, and E. V. Timms, and Bernard O'Reilly recently came to Sydney and collaborated in the final overhaul of the script, which now is ready for production.

Most scenes will be shot on the Plateau and in the Kanimbla Valley, though interiors will be made at Cine-sound Studios. Casting director Alec Kellaway has already interviewed dozens of candidates for the leading roles, and every repository and professional performance in Sydney and Melbourne is being watched for possible cast members.

"We expect that it will take about

eight months to shoot the film, and technicians will soon be at work on an old shingle house below the plateau preparing it for the scenes of the early life of the family—where a leading landscape gardener will also put a team to work to

reconstruct the old garden to its former beauty."

With optimism, and what he considers a grand Australian romantic story to work on, director Chauvel is going into his newest venture in Australian films.

Film Reviews

★★ THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE

TO put one of the screen's most able young actresses in the mystery drama role of a girl who cannot speak required courage on the part of RKO and the star, Dorothy Maguire. The experiment has been carried out successfully, plus the help of that grand veteran Ethel Barrymore, and competent George Brent.

A good tight script tells the story of a series of murders in a small town in 1906. Ethel Barrymore is the wealthy bedridden eccentric nursed by her stepson professor, played by George Brent.

Dorothy Maguire is the maid-servant who lost her speech as a result of a shock during childhood.

Murders of girls who suffer from some physical affliction bring the threat into the household, and a tense atmosphere prevails as the pathetic little servant comes nearer and nearer to her suspected doom.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Miss Barrymore is magnificent in true Barrymore tradition, and Dorothy Maguire will gain more film friends by her performance as the maid. Kent Smith does a good job as the country doctor who insists he can cure her loss of speech, and the climax is starkly terrifying.—Piasa; showing.

★★ MY REPUTATION

BEST role she has had for a long time goes to Barbara Stanwyck in Warner's interesting drama of the life of an attractive widow. The story lags at times after a slow beginning, but it holds interest as it deals with the difficulties which confront Jessica Drummond (Miss Stanwyck) when she has to decide between an affair with Scott Landis (George Brent) and the opposition of her two young sons and her very conventional mother.

The star makes Jessica an intelligent, well-bred woman who handles her problem with dignity. George Brent is excellent, but Lucille Watson overplays the role of Jessica's mother.—Tattler; showing.

★★ MISS SUSIE SLAGLE'S

THERE is a gently nostalgic quality about Paramount's comedy of young doctors in the making back in 1910.

Stars Sonny Tufts and Veronica Lake both are cast in unusual roles, and newcomer lovely blonde Joan Caulfield makes a promising start in starring jobs.

Flingers will be interested in the reappearance of Lillian Gish as the understanding old maid boarding-house keeper who mothers her hulking medical student boarders through the trials and tribulations of their university days.

Sonny Tufts is the earnest student who has to fight the fear of seeing his patients die, and he acts with unusual care and restraint.

Veronica Lake is the nurse whose romance ends in tragedy and she, too, handles her part in subdued manner.

The story is neat enough, though the pace is slow.—Victory; showing.

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The Australian Women's Weekly—August 3, 1946



COMEDIAN Jack Benny with United Artists co-star Robert Cummings admires the Cummings baby, Richard Robert, who is Benny's godson. Mrs. Cummings was former actress Mary Elliot.



RELAXATION for Bette Davis during screening of her latest Warners film, "Stolen Life." Mike, the Airedale, is also relaxing, as he appears in the film, too.



JOAN CRAWFORD, whose Academy Award Warners film "Mildred Pierce" has not yet been shown in Australia, is visited on the set by admiring young star Joan Leslie. Miss Crawford is appearing in "Humoresque," a remake of a former successful film.

Star's children to attend English school

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS intends to educate his daughters in England.

Victoria and Daphne will attend an English preparatory school, Fairbanks did when he was young.

"I believe it is essential for children to have a thorough grounding in both countries, as I want them to be internationally minded," he said.

"I learned much through my schooling in England, America, France, and Switzerland, and would like my daughters to have the same opportunity, so I am starting them off in England."

Doug is starting his own production company by filming a movie of the Cromwellian period.

VERY few free days at present for Ingrid Bergman. When I saw her lunching this week in town she told me she was pleased to hear that Australian audiences were enjoying her United Artists film, "Spellbound." Ingrid is careful about the roles she accepts, and she thought the part of psychiatrist Dr. Constance Petersen one of the most interesting she had played.

A SUMMERY picture was Irene Hervey lunching on the balcony at the "Players Restaurant."

Her yellow linen suit was complemented by a beret of real yellow nasturtiums, which Irene had pinned on, covering a yellow beret beneath.

DISNEY'S LATEST FILM

Make Mine Music

Central picture on this page is a drawing done specially by Disney for The Australian Women's Weekly of "Johnny Fedora and Alice Bluebonnet," one of the episodes in the film.

• **CASEY AT THE BAT.** Comedian Jerry Colonna recites and sings as background to the story of Casey, the famous American baseball character of Mudville. The joy and sadness of Mudville are featured in the song, "Casey, the Pride of Them All."

• **THE MARTINS AND THE COYS.** Disney combines realism and satire in his presentation of American folklore. Only two survivors of the Martin-Coy feud are the pretty Martin girl and the handsome young male Coy.

• **THE MARTINS AND THE COYS.** The music of the famous hillbilly song known all over the world is provided by The King's Men, as the cartoon tells of the inter-family fight with some surprising developments in both music and story as ghosts appear.

• **JOHNNY FEDORA AND ALICE BLUEBONNET.** This is the most unusual part of the film. Disney weaves a romantic tale around the adventures of two hats of the gay '20's. The hats act like humans as they meet, fall in love, are separated, and finally reunited. The Andrews Sisters sing the musical title song, which recurs as the quaint little story develops—while Johnny and Alice embark on their journey round a big city.

• **PETER AND THE WOLF.** Prokofiev's orchestral fable has been adapted by Disney with humor and fantasy. Sterling Holloway narrates the story of the adventures of a small boy, a duck, a cat, and a bird who start to hunt a ferocious wolf who is at large.

• **THE WHALE WHO WANTED TO SING AT THE MET.** forms one of the most hilarious episodes. Willie, a singing whale, dreams of becoming an opera star, able to sing bass, baritone, tenor, and soprano. Nelson Eddy "ghost stars" all the voices.

• **ALL THE CATS JOIN IN.** A brief but riotous sequence satirizes bobby-soxers and jitterbugs. Benny Goodman and his orchestra play the title song, which is sung by the Pied Pipers. The characters are reflections of a modern trend in this "swinging" age.

• **PETER AND THE WOLF.** Moral of Prokofiev's fable is that "in union there is strength." As Peter and his friends hunt the wolf they have to learn that until individually weak allies co-operate the wolf cannot get his just deserts as the villain.

Your Complexion as Glamorous as a STUDIO PORTRAIT!



Erasmic Face Powder
GIVES YOUR SKIN THE NEW
"Photo Finish"

The glamour of your loveliest studio portrait... yours all day long, now that Erasmic Face Powder contains "Sole Parisienne"—an ingredient demanded by every smart woman of France when she has her very own special powder blended at her *parfumerie*. With this beauty ingredient, Erasmic gives your skin the new "photo finish," a glorious matt smoothness—even in sunshine and under harsh ballroom lights just as before your own mirror. Through "Sole Parisienne," Erasmic brings you what all photographers strive for—a fresh, glowing look that makes you

stand out. And there's no fear of your skin looking shiny in the hottest restaurant now—because Erasmic clings better than ever.

"Sole Parisienne"
Holds the Perfume!

This precious beauty ingredient absorbs and holds Erasmic's perfume for you! When most powders are half used the fragrance has gone—but the haunting sweetness of Erasmic lasts to the very end! And although Erasmic contains "Sole Parisienne" it costs no more. Give your own skin the new "photo finish." Get a box to-day.

E. 44.24

The Doctor Answers

Patient: "Can you tell me simply, doctor, exactly what High Blood Pressure is?"

Doctor: "Well, when the pressure of your blood against the walls of your arteries is higher than it should be—then we say you have High Blood Pressure."

Patient: "But how can I tell whether I've got High Blood Pressure?"

Doctor: "Now that's interesting, because High Blood Pressure affects different people in different ways. Sometimes it is constant fatigue and weariness; sometimes dizziness, chronic headaches, failing memory and sight; sometimes kidney and bladder weaknesses, painful and aching limbs—all these are common symptoms."

Patient: "Then what causes High Blood Pressure, doctor?"

Doctor: "There seems to be no doubt that High Blood Pressure is caused by poisons in the blood-stream itself, which impoverish the blood and cause irritation and congestion in your arteries. When research was first begun into the origin of High Blood Pressure it was suspected that faulty purification of the blood by the kidneys was one of the chief causes. Subsequent research, which has continued for the past 25 years, appears to confirm this early finding."

Patient: "What is the treatment for High Blood Pressure?"

Doctor: "Don't be afraid of simple High Blood Pressure, because it can be maintained at a safe level by taking ordinary care of yourself, avoiding unnecessary overwork or worry, and by choosing a diet most suitable to your own needs."

If you suffer from the symptoms of High Blood Pressure—aches and pains in muscles, joints, constant fatigue, failing sight and memory, hot flushes to face and neck, dizziness, chronic headaches, kidney and bladder weaknesses, etc., start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids right away. The prescription for Menthoids has been carefully prepared as the result of careful investigation and research, and the Menthoids treatment, for more than 20 years, has proved most useful in keeping the Blood Pressure of patients at a safe level without using drugs which affect the heart. Menthoids contain no dangerous drugs and can be taken safely by the most delicate patients. Because of their gentle and prolonged internal antiseptic action, Menthoids cleanse the blood of poisons and keep Blood Pressure at a safe level.

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are prepared by British Medical Laboratories Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

MENTHOIDS



1 IN ANCIENT GREECE, Croesus (Thomas Gomez), fabulously wealthy King of Lydia, lives luxuriously in his palace. He intends to wed Persian Princess Delorai (Merle Oberon).

2 WHEN PEOPLE of free island, Samos, are threatened by Croesus, they send wise man Aesop (Turhan Bey) in disguise to placate the King and avert a likely war.

NIGHT IN PARADISE



3 MEETINGS BETWEEN Aesop and Delorai soon develop into romance, and Croesus, becoming suspicious, sends Aesop on dangerous mission to the Oracle of Delphi, hoping that Delorai will soon forget the wise newcomer.



4 DISCARDING his disguise, Aesop leaves for Samos, but Delorai follows him before her wedding to Croesus.



5 ENRAGED at Delorai's flight, Croesus follows her and captures the lovers when they arrive at Delphi on their way to Samos.

Color film version of ancient Grecian days

ROMANCE and spectacle are merged extravagantly in Universal's technicolor production co-starring Merle Oberon and Turhan Bey in a story of the fabulously wealthy monarch, Croesus, and the wise man, Aesop, who are rivals for the Persian Princess, Delorai. The exotic costumes worn by Miss Oberon are by Travis Banton.



6 USING ALL HIS CUNNING and wisdom, Aesop manages to extract promise of freedom for Samos, and also is able to keep Delorai with him in his own country.

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MADGE ELLIOTT'S HARTNELL GOWNS



WHITE CHIFFON nightgown is worn by Madge Elliott as gay but financially embarrassed Stella in "Ways and Means."

MADGE LOVES this tailored dressing-gown (right) of pillar-box-red, startling contrast to her fair hair and deep suntan stage make-up.



SPECIALLY CREATED for Madge to wear in the dance scene of the Noel Coward musical fantasy "Shadow Play," this gown has skirt of pale cyclamen over hyacinth silk chiffon.



TURQUOISE CREPE negligee with flesh satin facings is worn over a flesh-pink pleated chiffon nightgown by Madge as Victoria Gayforth in the last scene of "Shadow Play." To preserve fragile frocks Madge stands on a white sheet when changing.



HARTNELL-GREEN silk net, obtainable only for export trade, was chosen by Madge and Cyril for garden scene in "Shadow Play."

★ After a highly successful Sydney season Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard are now appearing at the Comedy Theatre, Melbourne, in a programme of three of Noel Coward's one-act plays. Madge's beautiful stage wardrobe, shown here in exclusive color pictures by Russell Roberts, was chosen by them before they left London, at a specially arranged showing of Norman Hartnell's collection. Cyril as producer and co-star okays Madge's clothes.



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SUN-COATED, typical outdoor girl, Joy Brewer, 1946 Beachgirl, 16 years old, height 5ft. 6in., weight 9st. 10lb., can eat "almost anything"—at the present, anyway.

Keep them out of the garden

Many plants commonly grown in the garden are dangerous because of their infiltrative habits.

I PLACE physostegia, also known as mock erica or false dragonhead, right at the head of the class. Its running rhizomes creep underground in all directions.

The plant also seeds prolifically. Ageratum is another troublesome plant if allowed to go to seed in the rocky or mixed border.

Chinese lantern plant (Physalis alkekengi) needs curbing.

Most of the ceratiums (particularly tomentosum or Snow-in-Summer) are particularly troublesome, but probably the worst weed pest I know is polygonum cuspidatum. This is often sold under the name of Japanese fleece-flower. Giant Knot-weed, and of all things—pink flowering bamboo. So deeply do the runners penetrate that it is almost impossible to eradicate it.

Among plants of the herb garden, Roman wormwood and several of the mints can become most difficult.

The bluebells of Scotland (campanula rotundifolia), several of the bignonias, and Madeira vine are others that need close watching; also the Flanders field poppy, which can become such a pernicious weed that it has been declared noxious in all States of the Commonwealth, several of the sedums, and bryophyllum, or so-called Plant of Heaven.

In many cases only the use of large quantities of boiling water will rid the soil of the runners, seeds, or vegetative parts of these plants.—Our Home Gardener.

DESIGN FOR EATING

DAILY "MUSTS"

1. serving of meat, fish, poultry, or cheese.
 2. or 4 (at least 2) glasses of milk every day.
 - 1 egg a day, when possible.
 - 1 potato (at least) daily.
 - 2 servings of vegetables daily.
 - 2 servings of fruit daily.
- Can be taken at breakfast or as dessert at either lunch or dinner.
- 1 serving of whole-grain cereal or three slices of whole-wheat bread daily.

By CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty Specialist

OF course you want to be slim, serene, and sensational, but you also want to eat. Well, you can eat; in fact, you must; there are certain basic foods every normal woman needs every day for proper nutrition, pep, vitality, and good disposition.

Above I have given you the list of "musts"—don't forget all of them every day. So there's no chance of your starving to death.

But there's more than a chance, it's almost a certainty, that if you arrange your own slenderizing menus from this list it will whittle you down to size, keep you feeling full of zip, and keep your skin and hair looking just right. Be your own dietitian and juggle the "musts" round to suit the occasion and the yen.

Are you surprised to see potato on the list? It gets by on unadulterated merit. After all, anything bursting with valuable minerals and vitamins can't be ignored.

And, anyway, in weighty matters, it is a far, far better thing to keep a keen eye on gooey desserts, thick gravies, condiments, salad dressings, fat meats, chocolates, nuts, and temptation in similar form.

If you dislike, really dislike, milk so violently that you cannot swallow it, disguise the taste with some flavoring that appeals to you, but get it down, because it's liquid beauty.

The egg a day can be taken in any form you like, from egg-nog to plain boiled.

Green and yellow vegetables have the greatest essential food values; the greener the better for you.

Eat meals dry, taking the liquids between; either water, tea, or coffee, with no cream, even when you can get it, or sugar. But you could ring in part of your two glasses of milk for the tea or coffee. Drink not less than four to six glasses of liquid a day.

There is no hard-and-fast rule as to what weight you should be for a certain height, because bone structure varies, but as a guide for normal bone structure you can allow 100lb. for the first five feet of your height; then for each additional inch allow 5lb. So that if you are 5ft. 6in. you should weigh 9st. 4lb. (130lb.)—100 plus 5 times 6.

If your bones are small for your height, deduct about five pounds from the normal. And if you are large boned you may add five or six pounds.

Make no mistake, it's what you eat over and above the basic seven that tells the story in too many undulations or billowing curves.

Once the silhouette is shapely, the disposition delightful, and the effect sensational, then you can break down once in a while with a piece of chocolate or some of that rich cake. But keep it seldom. And beware of the little in-between snack and the I'll-walk-this-off extras.

Remember, it takes a five-mile walk to placate a wedge of cream cake.

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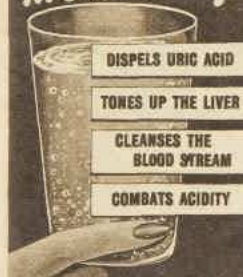
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SELECTING THE COLOR SCHEME

● It is by the right use of color that we can make our homes cheerful or restful, warm or cool.

By NORA S. McDUGALL,
Our Home Decoration Expert.

COLOR is one of the vital factors in the successful decoration of our homes. We can use it lavishly, fearlessly, or we can use it discreetly, according to our own individual tastes and preferences.

But not haphazardly. We balance the warm colors with the cool colors, the light with the dark.

To-day we generally use this simple way to balance colors:—

1. Dominant color as the main theme for one room or whole house.

2. Complementary—the opposite or balancing color.

3. Accents—small amounts in bright or rich colors to accent the dominant and complementary colors. By working our color scheme out on this basis we can avoid monotony. A room decorated in all green throughout would become trying and uninteresting, but balance the cool green with a warm pink (its complementary color) and note the difference. Add an accent of deep red or wine, and the color scheme takes on character and interest.

Color value, or, in other words,



COMBINED living and dining room with southern aspect. Buff-colored walls give feeling of spaciousness helped by matching curtains, coral fringed. Floor golden brown, deeper border; table buff. Chairs buff, coral backed. Couch, lampshades, coral, brown, lime-green checks.

"weight," is also used to balance one color against another. Deep browns, greens, reds, orange, and violet are "heavy" colors. White, pale yellows, lime-greens, pale pinks and blues are all "light-weight" colors, that is, light in value.

If we want to use "light-weight" colors, then we must balance them by using a "heavy" color; for example, deep brown—if there is much of it—with two light-weight colors, such as lime-green and pale blue. All "light-weight" colors would become insipid, or all "heavy" ones appear dark and depressing.

Colors down the ages have been recognised as symbolising certain characteristics. Yellow stands for cheer and prosperity; blue suggests freshness and repose; red, courage, action, and danger; purple, royalty and mystery.

We take these symbols into consideration when decorating. For instance, if we wish to give an illusion

of brightness and cheerfulness we use yellow. But brilliant colors are much more effective and not so fatiguing if small amounts are used, and so placed as to accent the scheme.

Spaciousness in a room can be created by color as well as by furniture arrangement. Pale colors, light in value, such as off-white, green, blue, and buff, recede into the distance and give the feeling of space. Or a room can be made to appear smaller by using the warm oranges, pinks, and reds, which "advance," or bring the walls closer.

Fashion changes the popularity of color from year to year, but most of us have our likes and dislikes, and we should choose our color schemes to suit the purpose of our room—and the aspect.

In the room pictured above with southern (or cold) aspect, buff is the dominant color, coral the complementary, and lime-green the accent.

FANCY DRESS . . . for flower-pots

EXCEPT in a greenhouse or on the weather side of a window-sill, earthenware flower-pots don't look quite at home. Their dull red-brown just won't harmonise with modern color schemes.

But, since indoor gardens are the only kind that many of us have to-day, we want them to be part of a lovely room as well as lovely in themselves. Well, here's a simple way of achieving this.

These covers were made in a matter of minutes with nothing more elaborate than rope and shoe-laces—yes, shoe-laces. But aren't they charming?

For a pot 5in. high, with a top measuring 5in. across and base 3in. across, you need 5yds. of rope 1in. thick, 4 pairs of different colored shoe-laces, linen thread, a darning needle, and a bodkin.

Starting at the bottom of the cover, make a loop of rope the size of the hole in the flower-pot, and stitch it firmly. Wind the rope in a small, tight stitches between the rounds of string, until the base is fanned.



DRESS UP your pot-plants in covers like these to blend with the color scheme of your room.

Continue up the sides in the same way, shaping the cover to fit the pot. Stitch the top edge very firmly.

Then, with the bodkin, thread your laces, as contrasting stripes, through the rope from top to bottom of the cover, tucking in and stitching their ends. Stand the plants on any odd, colored saucers you happen to have.

For healthier, happier babies

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse

THERE would be fewer failures in rearing babies if every young mother realised the advantages of breast-feeding over any artificial feeding.

Many young mothers, during the war years, made the effort to naturally feed their babies, despite anxiety, shock, and grief.

One such mother was Mrs. Keith Emmett, of Eastwood, N.S.W.

Mrs. Emmett, a Canadian bride, heard the news of her R.A.A.P. husband's death on an operational mission in the Pacific when she was several months pregnant; but she fully fed her baby daughter until the average normal weaning age.

Mrs. Emmett was determined her child should have what every mother should regard as her baby's birth-right, its natural food.

Her reward is a beautiful, healthy nine-months-old baby.

Flight-Lieut. and Mrs. Emmett met when he was in Canada training under the Empire Air Scheme.

Flight-Lieut. Emmett was allotted to a Pacific operational area, so brought his bride out to Australia.

She was anxious to do all she could for her coming child, so early availed herself of the pre-natal service of The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. We were able to point out to her the advantages of breast-feeding over artificial feeding, and to give her all the necessary advice for her to have natural food for her child.



NINE-MONTHS-OLD Kaye Ruth Emmett, with her mother, Mrs. Keith Emmett, 47 Darvall Road, Eastwood, N.S.W.

THE following are the main advantages:—

1. A much lower mortality rate among breast-fed babies.

2. Greater immunity from disease, with a better chance of recovery from any illness.

3. Better nutrition. Breast-fed babies have an unmistakable air of vitality, lacking in even the healthiest artificially fed babies.

4. Better dentition. Suction at the breast exercises the muscles of the mouth, tongue, and jaws far better than the passive sucking at a bottle, which often has a teat with too large a hole.

5. Economy in the mother's time and in money, necessary for buying artificial-feeding equipment.

6. Better health for the mother. Womb displacements are less likely.

7. A closer and more intimate bond between mother and child and a much greater sense of security for the baby.

A leaflet with suggestions for successful technique in breast-feeding, and instructions for increasing the milk supply can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, and a copy will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to the above address.

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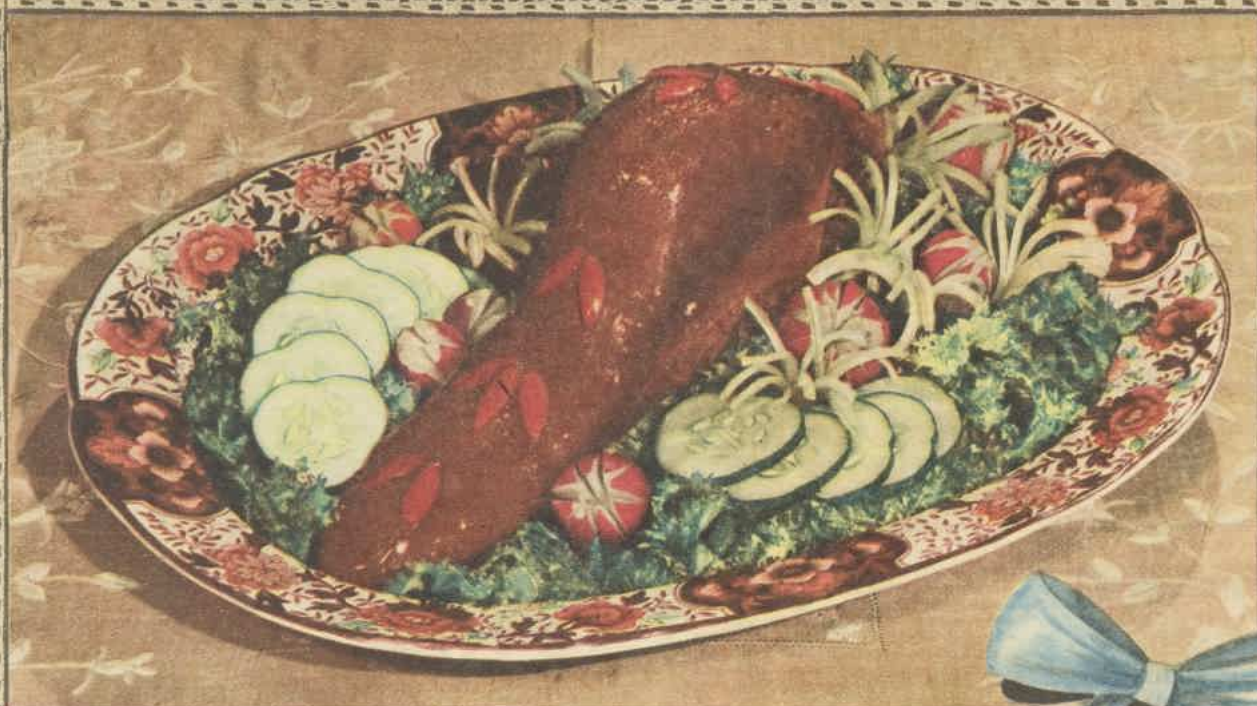
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From Grandmother's Recipe File

● "The mistress of a family commands daily a small realm of which she is Queen" . . . so say the yellowed pages of a century-old recipe book.

GOOD food of the nineteenth century is still good food for the twentieth century.

The rush of present-day living has banished many of grandmother's recipes from our daily menu . . . and rightly so when we find a recipe for brawn opening with these words: "Time, three nights; six hours to boil, three hours to get cold!"

The household guides of yesterday were more than mere recipe books. Household hints, home remedies, points on etiquette, and advice on the management of domestic servants make delightful reading.

Recipes were called "receipts" . . . the mistress of the house was advised to rule with justice, meekness, and quietness—for which service (presumably!) the master of the household allotted her one gallon of beer per week!

Lady housekeepers were advised to market for themselves—"as some skill is required in a purchaser."

Heading the list of requirements for a model housewife we find "good temper, patience, and a knowledge of domestic matters"—they are still necessary even in this day and age! Some of the dishes listed in the cook-books of grandmother's day are well worth reviving to add spice and variety to family meals.

GLAZED OX TONGUE

(See color photograph above)

One ox tongue, 4 or 5 peppercorns, 1 blade mace, 1 small onion, 1 dozen cloves, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, warm water. For glazing: 1 pint warm tongue stock, 1 heaped teaspoon gelatine, 1

teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon meat extract, squeeze lemon juice, pieces of parboiled red pepper or firm uncooked tomato.

Wash tongue well to remove excess brine; trim root. Stand upright on base of large boiler or saucepan. Add warm water to just cover, peppercorns, mace, sugar, vinegar, and clove-stuck onion. Bring slowly to boil, removing scum as it rises. Cook gently 2½ to 3 hours or until tender (according to size). Allow to cool slightly in cooking water; remove skin. Place upright on flat dish (as pictured above) and allow to become cold. Soften gelatine in warmed tongue stock, add meat extract and seasonings. When cooled and thickened, pour over tongue; when set coat again, setting shapes of red pepper or tomato in position to form a decoration. Serve cold, garnished with lettuce, cucumber, celery, radish roses.

FLEMISH CARROTS

(Good with hot or cold meat)

Four or five good sized carrots, 3 small onions, 1 teaspoon salt, sprig of parsley, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1½

dessertspoons flour, pinch salt, 1 pint milk.

Wash and scrape carrots, cut into dice. Add chopped onions, parsley. Place in lidded pan with salt and boiling water to cover. Cook 20 minutes. Drain, remove parsley. Melt butter, add flour and salt, cook 3 minutes without browning. Add milk, stir until boiling. Fold in drained carrots and onions and reheat. Serve very hot.

ANNA'S PUDDING

(A light steamed pudding, good for between-season dinners)

Four ounces suet, 4oz. fine white breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon ground rice, 3oz. sugar, 2 eggs, grated rind of 1 lemon and 1 small orange.

Mince suet very finely, mix with breadcrumbs, lemon and orange rind, ground rice. Beat eggs with sugar, fold into dry ingredients. Turn into greased basin, cover with greased paper, steam 1½ hours. Serve hot with lemon or orange flavored sauce.

FRENCH BISCUITS

(Butterless cookies with a refreshing lemon flavor)

Three eggs, their weight in flour and sugar (approximately 6oz. of each), 1oz. candied lemon peel.

Beat egg-whites stiffly, add lemon peel (very finely chopped), stir sugar in gradually, then sifted flour, and lastly beaten egg-yolks. Mix thoroughly. Spoon on to greased

tray, well apart, sprinkle lightly with sugar. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 deg. F., until lightly colored. Allow to cool on tray. Store in airtight tin and allow to dry out before using.

FRIAR'S OMELET

(Why omelet? Only grandmother knows!)

Four large apples, 1oz. butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 tablespoons water.

Peel, core, and slice apples. Cook to a pulp with 2 tablespoons water. Beat in butter and sugar. When quite cold, add beaten egg. Grease a pliedish, sprinkle thickly with breadcrumbs combined with cinnamon and lemon rind. Fill with apple mixture, top with balance of crumbs. Dot with butter, cook 30 to 40 minutes in moderate oven. Dust with sugar before serving.

KIDNEYS TARTARE

(A tasty savory dish for luncheon or week-end tea)

Five or 6 sheep's kidneys, pepper, salt, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon chopped gherkin, pinch cayenne.

Soak kidneys 15 minutes in warm salted water, remove skin and core, split in halves. Brush with melted butter, season with salt and pepper, dip in breadcrumbs. Thread on a

By the Food and Cookery Experts to The Australian Women's Weekly.

skewer, grill 8 to 10 minutes. Combine mayonnaise, parsley, gherkin, cayenne pepper. Heat carefully. Serve hot kidneys hollow side up, filling hollows with heated sauce. Add grilled tomato halves, potato straws, and hot greens.

HONEYCOMB GINGERBREAD

(Delicate rollettes just wafer-thick—and such fun to make)

Four ounces flour, pinch salt, 4oz. brown sugar, 2oz. butter, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, 3 tablespoons treacle, juice of 1 lemon.

Sift flour, ginger, cinnamon, salt. Rub in butter, add lemon rind and sugar. Mix to a thin paste with lemon juice and treacle. Spread thinly on a well greased slab tin. Bake in a moderate oven, 325 deg. F., 8 to 10 minutes. While hot, cut into strips, lift carefully and wind round handle of wooden spoon to form rolls. Allow to become quite cold and crisp before storing in airtight tin. If they become soft and moist, may be crisped by reheating in oven and cooling again.

In grandmother's day they were filled with whipped cream. As a special occasion treat we can make the most of the recipe to-day by utilizing our favorite mock cream.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

(An old favorite—fine for breakfast)

Two cups minced cold meat, 2 cups diced cooked potato, 2 cups shredded cooked cabbage, pepper and salt, 1 tablespoon fat.

Lightly fry meat in melted fat, stirring to prevent sticking. Place on heated dish. Keep hot. Add a little more fat to pan if necessary, fry cabbage and potato. Pile on to cooked meat, season with salt and pepper, serve very hot.

FACTS ABOUT FOOD

(By courtesy Food Technology Association).

IT'S interesting to know that within a couple of years the perennial inquiry, "Is the meat tough, darling?" will be a thing of the past. Enzymes which can be extracted from papaw will tenderize even the toughest meat. A commercial preparation containing such enzymes is just around the corner for the housewife.

IRRITABILITY and undue fatigue are due to poor food very often, and can be greatly eliminated by eating sufficient vitamin B complex in the daily foods.

These vitamins are not stored in the body, and there is a sound scientific reason to show that a wide variety of foods in the diet is the best way to acquire all vitamins.

IT has been proved that the body requires a type of unsaturated fat to function normally. Apart from butter and margarine, these fats are also found in peanut butter, cocoa, chocolates, rolled oats, and cheese. Their components all include a type of fatty acid which is used to keep the walls of the body cells in perfect health.

First thing
before and after
school —



...delicious
hot
MILO

Particularly during the colder weather there is no more nourishing and invigorating drink for growing children than regular cups or breakers of hot, delicious MILO. Because of its vitamin and mineral content and because it is made from pure country milk and malted cereals, MILO served piping hot helps the system to defy the ills and chills of wintertime. Children love the delicious chocolate flavour of MILO. And not only children — but every member of the family.

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rid your child
of Worms

Thousands of Mothers have learned to depend IMPLICITLY on SAN-O-LAX WORM SYRUP for quick, permanent relief. San-o-lax contains miconium, a valuable medicinal ingredient which quickly gets to work (usually whilst the child is sleeping) and not only destroys any worm presence, but also prevents recurrence. When your child is restless in its sleep don't listen to those who say, "It's just constipation." It may be worms. If it is, don't delay, get SAN-O-LAX and start taking right away. Children like it because it's pleasant to take — not like a medicine.

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SKIN DISEASES

For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES send 2/6d. stamp for EXAMINATION CHART to
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NUTRITIOUS savory pie is this week's first prize winner. Meat and vegetable filling is topped with an easily made pastry, which has a variety of uses. Recipe below.



TWIN FRUIT and plain biscuit for an afternoon tea: Coffee iced buns joined with mock cream and topped with a mound of coffee icing. See recipe.

All-round ingenuity

FOR the busy day or the special occasion calling for detailed finish... these will give your menus a touch of the unusual.

Crunchy topped, quickly prepared Killarney pie—first prize winner this week—will be your busy-day choice. The utility topping is a pastry made with half the usual effort. Cut any left-over pastry into wafers, bake, and use as a base for sweet or savory spreads.

KILLARNEY PIE

Filling: One pound cold cooked meat, 1 cup stock, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 teaspoon herbs, 1 onion, 1 carrot and 1 lb. potatoes (parboiled and finely sliced), 1 cup cooked peas.

Pastry: Half-pound fine oatmeal, 1 lb. shortening, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 cup water.

Cut meat into cubes, roll in flour seasoned with herbs, salt and pepper. Place half the sliced vegetables in greased casserole, cover with meat, and finish with a layer of sliced vegetables. Pour stock over.

Bring shortening and water to the boil, stir in the oatmeal, salt, and pepper. Cool. Knead into shape, roll out to one-quarter inch thickness. Brush rim with water. Cover with crust and decorate. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) for 15 minutes. Reduce to moderate. Cook for further 25 minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Hilditch, 26 Bloom St., Moonee Ponds, Vic.

TURNIP PUFF WITH CHEESE MERINGUE

Three cups hot mashed turnip, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, small pinch mace, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon golden syrup, 1 cup grated cheese. Beat butter into turnip until light and fluffy. Add egg-yolks, salt, pepper, mace, milk. Beat well. Place in greased casserole.

Beat egg-whites stiffly. Add syrup. Fold in cheese. Pile on top of turnip. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes until meringue is brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Barry, 181 Mary St., Maryborough, Qld.

COFFEE ICED BUNS

Three-quarters cup sugar, 1 cup shortening, 1 egg, 1 cup golden syrup, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, 2 cups self-raising

flour, 1 cup cornflour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup fruit, 1 cup chopped nuts (may be omitted).

Cream shortening and sugar. Add well-beaten egg. Gradually beat in syrup, lemon juice, and coffee essence warmed together. Fold in sifted flour, cornflour, and cinnamon. Halve the mixture, add fruit and nuts to one half. Drop in dessertspoons on greased tray, well apart. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 15 minutes. Join a fruit bun to a plain bun with jam or mock cream. Ice with coffee icing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. E. Wanstall, 287 Fitzroy St., Dubbo, N.S.W.

HEALTH FIRST

By MEDICO

"Do you think I should rub Junior's chest with camphorated oil?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"He just can't shake off his whooping cough. He hasn't whooped for the last two months, but his cough goes on and on."

Junior's X-ray showed that the whooping cough had left an infection. The strain of the cough had stretched the bronchial tubes.

I arranged for Junior to have a rest for two hours every midday. He was to have an extra quart of skimmed milk, an egg, fruit, and a large plate of oatmeal porridge every day. He was to spend half an hour sunbathing every day.

In two months, Junior was a different boy. He had grown sturdy and strong. He had lost his cough, his X-ray showed a clear picture.

I told Mrs. Wilson that Junior had been saved from being a chronic invalid and congratulated her on having his cough treated early.

One of the biggest advances in child-health this century has been the immunisation of babies against whooping cough. Prevention by injections at six months of age not only reduces the risk of distressing paroxysms of the whooping child, but also the danger of pneumonia during the whooping stage.

Immunisation against whooping cough also prevents the chronic lung trouble known as bronchiectasis. This is an even greater menace to the health of the child than the whooping cough itself.

Miss Cynthia McAdoo

A New York Society favourite, Miss Cynthia McAdoo is young and outstandingly beautiful, with a radiantly fair complexion which she safeguards with Pond's. "It's my favourite beauty treatment," she says. Among the many other famous Pond's beauties are the Countess of Carnarvon, Mrs. Anthony J. Drexell III, Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle, Mrs. Henry C. Mellon, Jr.



Such a simple and effective beauty care

You'll find that it is only a matter of minutes to keep your skin at its loveliest—with Pond's. Night and morning, and for daytime freshen-ups, too, smooth rich, satiny Pond's Cold Cream over your face and throat. Pat it on with a light upward movement of the fingertips, leave it on a few minutes to release dust

and stale make-up—then wipe it off and notice how clean and refreshed your skin feels.

Always before you make-up, pat on a transparent film of rich, satiny Pond's Cold Cream, deliciously fragrant, gossamer-light Pond's Vanishing Cream. It softens your skin for powder, holds make-up fresh and attractive for hours.



Pond's Cold Cream for thorough skin cleansing, Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder base and skin softener, at all chemists, chain and departmental stores in attractive jars for your dressing table and convenient handling size tubes.



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Western Electric Model 63 Hearing Aid

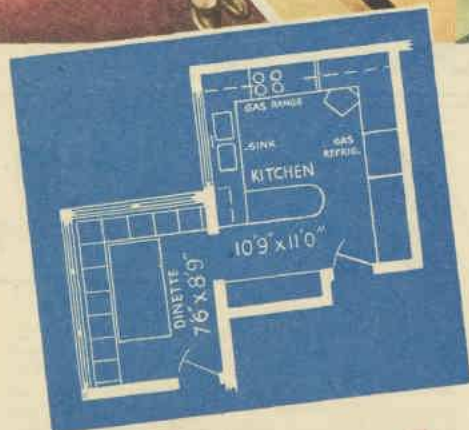
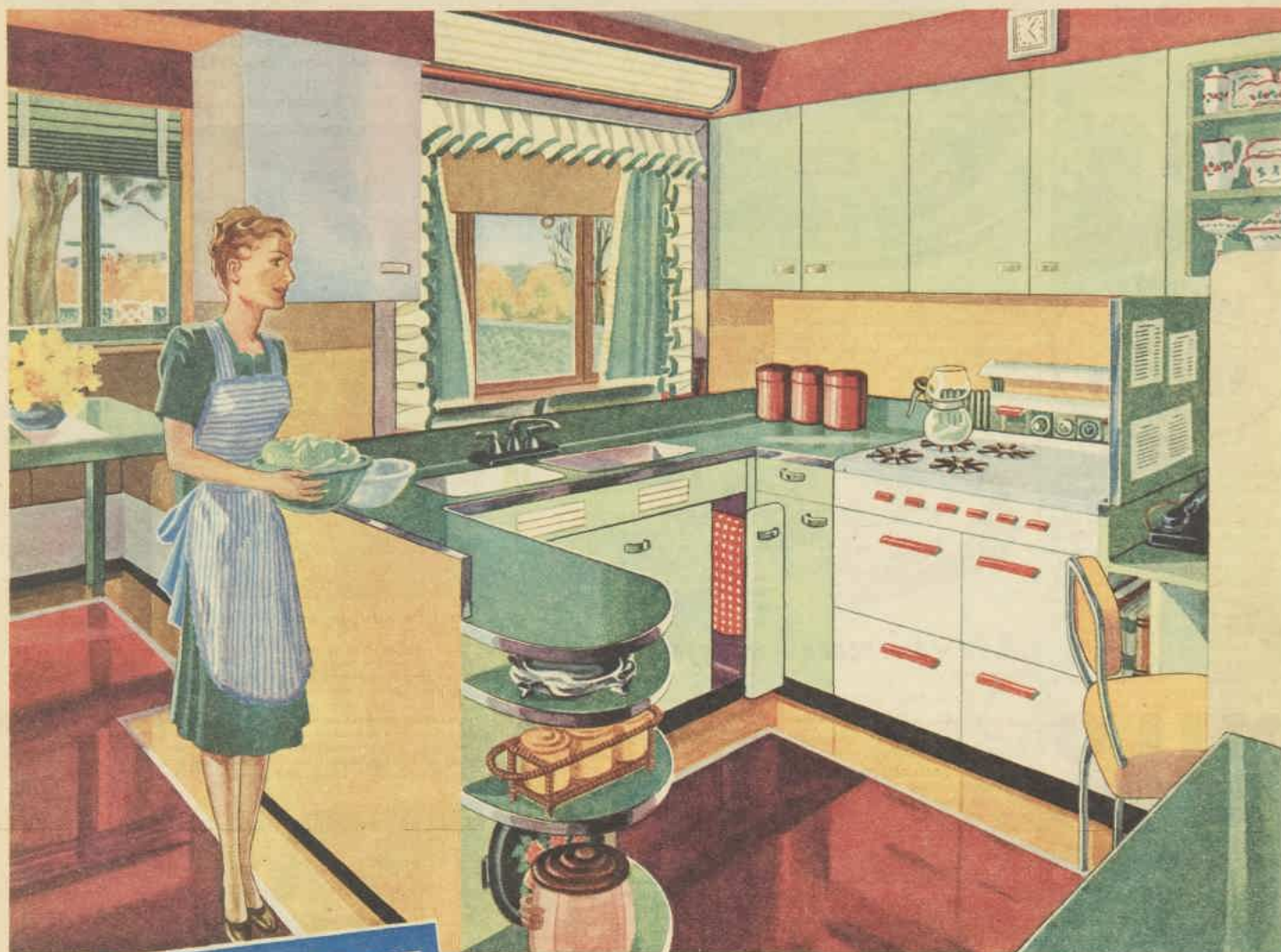
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